

woroni

Volume 50, Edition 9, October 1998

100 Greatest Albums of all Time

The Rabelais censorship debate

Dodgy Colleges



What's on at the

Uni Bar???

Date	Bands/Activity	ANU	Conc	Full
Fri 9 Oct	Ball + Zabracadabra	\$3.00	\$3.00	\$3.00
Sat 10 Oct	Public Enemy + The Avalanches (all ages)	\$36.90	\$36.90	\$36.90
Tue 13 Oct	Grinspoon + Shihad + Testeagles (all ages)	\$16.70	\$16.70	\$16.70
Thu 15 Oct	Celtic City Sons	\$5.00	\$5.00	\$5.00
Fri 16 Oct	Nevyn + supports	\$3.00	\$3.00	\$3.00
Sat 17 Oct	Schmuck + NSA	TBA	TBA	TBA
Fri 23 Oct	Youth Group + 78 Saab + Trouser Trouser + Rebel Astronauts	\$5.00	\$6.00	\$6.00
Thu 29 Oct	Blowhards + Ballistic Allshorts + supports	TBA	TBA	TBA
Fri 30 Oct	Oktoberfest	Free	\$10.00	\$10.00

Don't forget Happy Hour in the Uni Bar — Monday 5–6pm Schooners \$1.90 and win \$\$\$ on Joker Poker — Mon–Fri 5–6pm

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4

hello

Woroni has this issue decided to slag off the ABC, and in particular those two overpaid boring twats Rob Sitch and Tom Gleisner. Join us for more nasty fun.

news

News Editor Michael Cook and his team bring you the results of the SA elections, news on the government backing down on ITA, and the liberal party website cyber-vandalised.

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letters

Apparently over the course of two issues, Woroni has stopped being a homophobic mag and has become a tool of the homosexual population. Hmm. But most exciting is a letter from someone who likes us — and we don't know her!

race

We're starting to think that this Race section was a bad idea, because no one has expressed any interest in going out and taking photos of cool things in Canberra for too many issues. We promise we'll bring back Race for the final issue.

entertainment

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The new Hole CD reviewed, an exciting book about Jackie Chan, plus film reviews of The Last Days of Disco, Elizabeth, and There's something about Mary.

what's on

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No competitions this week we're afraid, but there is the news on the Canberra Arts Scene, including whats on at the Drill hall Gallery.

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society

Foreign Correspondent Bibi Ticehurst takes you to Japan, where the wimpy man is king. Plus another delicious recipe, and a particularly dishy Campus Look.

footnotes

Woroni gets up close and personal with the General Manager of Electric Shadows, Chris Kennedy. Plus Pulp hot's up, and we have another cool column from the world's grumpiest guy, Easter Sunday.

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One Hundred Greatest Albums of all Time

Woroni's panel of experts guides you through the 100 greatest albums of all time in true Rolling Stone fashion. What's left in, what's left out, what the fuck is number one? Read it and find out.

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Rabelais censorship: that article

The theory is that if every student newspaper prints this feature then they'll have to let the Rabelais editors out of jail. We're not sure about that, but we're publishing the article so that you can make up your own mind anyway.

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Dodgy Colleges

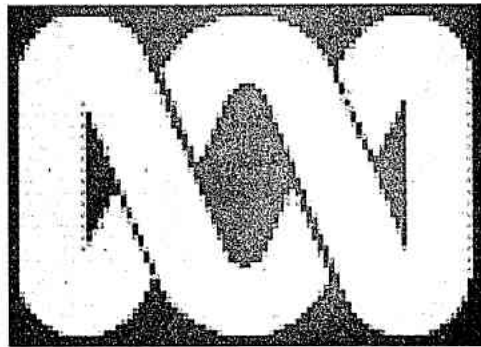
Could two men ever get closer in a bonding experience? Everyone knows that colleges are kind of dodgy, and here's photographic proof at last. While everyone was away on holidays, Woroni went undercover to explore the inside of cupboards and people throwing up and all that kind of thing.

contents

hello

woroni hates you

The ABC



Question: How many lesbians does it take to change a lightbulb? Answer: Three. One to change the bulb and the other two to make a documentary about it. Further question: On which television station is the aforementioned shit-boring documentary likely to be screened? Answer: Why, the ABC of course.

Think about it: Keeping Up Appearances, Birds of a Feather, The McAliffe Show, McFeast, Sea Change, The Bill, Teletubbies and Heartbeat. If any of these televisual turds had featured an American accent would they have been ever graced the screen of our precious National Broadcaster? Remember when you were a little kid and desperate to watch some Saturday morning cartoons along the lines of Astro Boy or G-Force? You'd run

out early in your pyjamas, flick on the TV and be rudely confronted with, "Coming at you live from St Michael's Church Annandale, starring Father Patrick Jeffries, it's morning mass! and don't go away because straight after that it's five and a half hours of World Championship lawn bowls." The latest incarnation of this banal programming entropy must surely be the excerable "A River Somewhere". As the ABC increasingly attempts to attract annoying yuppie gits who are likely to shop at the ABC stores for crap presents for their shitty little kids with names like Raphael (yuppies are invariably from bland, suburbanite homes. Thus they tend to burden their unfortunate progidy with the names of Renaissance painters in an attempt to make some connection to history and culture), "A River Somewhere" has been invented to fulfill their every fantasy. It's the kind of show for people who listen to Ry Cooder but pretend they're more interested in football. A show for middle aged advertising executives who don't get married but have "partners" (a word that ought be banned from the english language in any other context except for business). A show for imbecilic women who have jobs in PR and will probabaly end up retiring to a lovely little hobby farm somewhere in Sutton. A show for thiry something men who think that Paul Kelly is very deep and meaningful. In short, a show for complete and utter fuckwits. A show perfect for the ABC really.

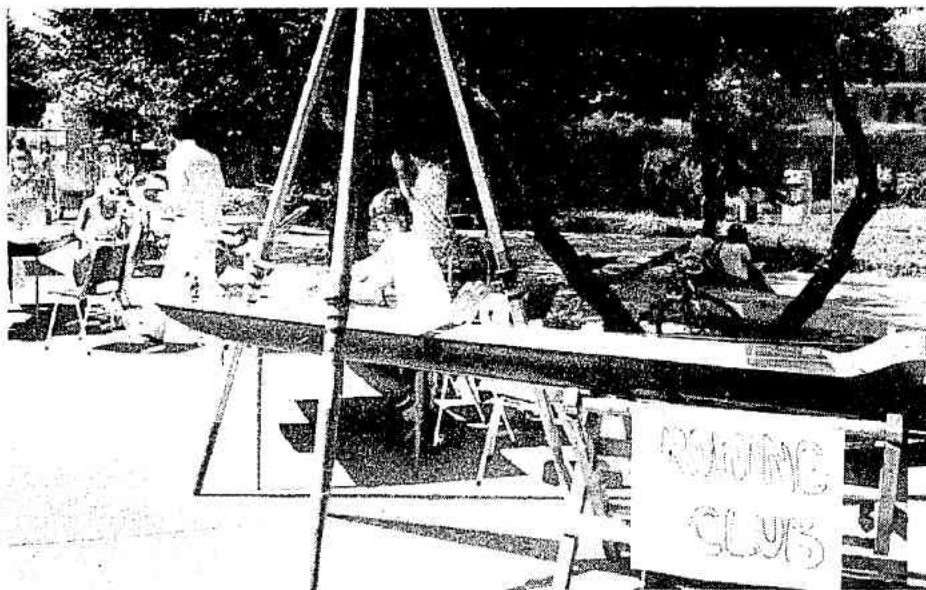


who's THAT girl

This issue's Who's that Girl is a bit of an alterna-temptress, and alterna cred is what we at Woroni are most in awe of. If this is you, come into the Woroni office and claim your cool prize.

Dodge City

Many have expressed confusion about the purpose and nature of Dodge City. This little article is simply a chance for us to showcase the ANU of yesteryear as it appears in Woroni's photo file. Sometimes a little chuckle can be heard, sometimes a tear, but it's always thought provoking. This month's photo however caught even us by surprise. A simple canoe, beached in Union Court is all that remained of the once mighty tradition of rowing on campus. Few know that like the Nile Sullivan's creek was once a raging torrent, but like it's Egyptian counterpart it was needlessly damned in the 70s - ruining the ecosystem. The peasants who once farmed the fertile land where Johns College now stands were forced from their traditional lands and their culture destroyed. A sad moment in ANU history and one I think we should all reflect on.



Celebrity Deaths

A couple of ripper celebrity deaths in recent weeks have left me in a conundrum; do I take a real celebrity death or do I will one to happen that I would be much happier to see? I have decided upon the latter because, although I'm sure Flo Jo had a dick bigger than mine, I actually thought she was pretty cool and so cannot bring myself to dis her.

Thus this month the sulphur pumping



through my veins and the hydrochloric acid that drips from my saliva glands turns its full fury in the direction of... well who else? It has to be Tom Gleisner and Rob Stich from the ABC's "A River Somewhere".

"Hey Rob!", exclaimed Tom in his "I was the least funny member of the Late Show voice".

"What is it Thomas?", replies Rob in his

"pompous med school git who shouldn't be taken lightly just because he's a comedian" voice.

"Do you remember that sketch we once did on the Late Show that took the piss out of yuppie dinner parties?" "Yes Tom. I do believe I was very funny yet not to be taken as an intellectual lightweight in that sketch."

"Well Rob, why don't we stop parodying that life and decide to start living it, thereby simultaneously completely missing the point of our own satire and turning our lives into a self-fulfilling prophecy of middle-aged, "singer songwriter" style blandness."

"What a great idea Tom. Why don't we get that bastion of stupid old bastard TV, the ABC, to pay for us to go fishing in exotic locations all over the world thereby simultaneously getting the best free holiday of our lives and an opportunity to ad to the giant dump-truck of cash that we made with our highly overrated film 'The Castle'."

"Great! I'll give 'em a call in the morning Rob. But in the mean time, here, have a chardonnay. It's a cheeky blend of grapes from the Hunter region."

"Fab! Life's sweet when you're a totally self-unaware dickhead hey Tom!"

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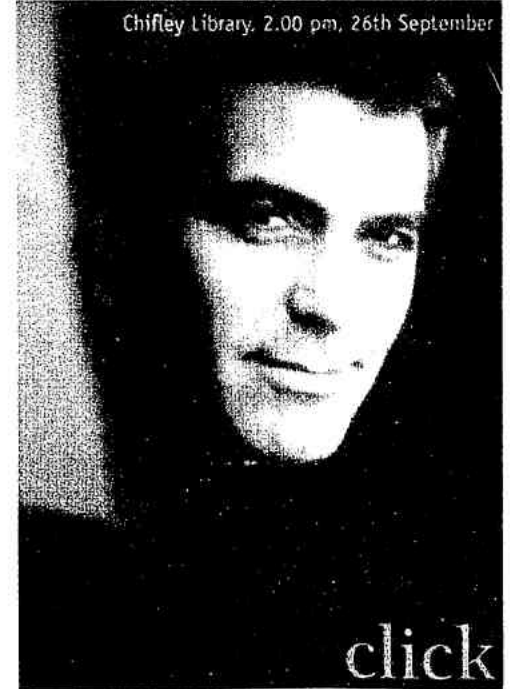
no thanks to

horrid computers and tape recorders that don't work

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Chifley Library, 2.00 pm, 26th September



click

*Crap scientific article
published as an excuse
to show a great set.
Fwarrgggh*

HEALTH TIP FROM SENIOR HEALTH NEWS LETTER

Submitted by Dr. Karen Weatherby
Great news for girl watchers: Ogling over women's breasts is good for a man's health and can add years to his life, medical experts have discovered. According to the New England Journal of Medicine, "Just 10 minutes of staring at the charms of a well-endowed female such as Baywatch actress Pamela Lee is equivalent to a 30-minute aerobics work-out," declared gerontologist Dr. Karen Weatherby. Dr. Weatherby and fellow researchers at three hospitals in Frankfurt, Germany, reached the startling conclusion after comparing the health of 200 male outpatients - half of whom were instructed to look at busty females daily, the other half told to refrain from doing so. The study revealed that after five years, the chest-watchers had lower blood pressure, slower resting pulse rates and fewer instances of coronary artery disease. "Sexual excitement gets the heart

pumping and improves blood circulation," explains Dr. Weatherby. "There's no question: Gazing at large breasts makes men healthier. Our study indicates that engaging in this activity a few minutes daily cuts the risk of stroke and heart attack in half."

Dr. Weatherby suggested that men over the age of 40 spend at least 10 minutes a day looking at breasts sized "D-cup" or greater. "We believe that by doing so consistently, the average man can extend his life four to five years." Dr. Weatherby says she would advise U.S. males to watch "jiggle" shows on TV, rent low-budget women-in-prison movies and peruse men's magazines such as Playboy as often as possible. The expert also listed several bosomy celebrities whose headlights were most likely to yield a beneficial health effect. These amply endowed "angels of mercy" include Dolly Parton, Heather Locklear, Anna Nicole Smith and Demi Moore.



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Indie Onslaught Demolishes Democrats

By Daniel Heard

Independent ticket People Over Politics (PoP) has blitzed the Students' Association Elections, winning all executive positions and a large number of general representatives.

PoP representatives were also elected to the positions of women's officer and environment officer.

"It was a surprising result. I expected it to be much closer" said Harry Greenwell,



PoP campaigner and now caretaker Students' Association President.

This year's election was relatively bereft of joke tickets, with the possible exceptions of the "Luke party strikes back" and the "chancery liberation front". Previous years enjoyed such tickets as the mafioso "Family" ticket ("vote for the family, we know where you live") and the "slightly silly party".

Helen Stitt, PoP Students' Association president elect, won the position with 614

votes. James Connor, of the ANU Democrats, was the nearest candidate with 283 votes, followed by Tim Dixon of "The Bold and the Beautiful" with 84. Luke Desailly, of the infamous "Luke party strikes back", came got 80 votes. PoP won the other four executive spots by similar margins.

"I think we were all blown away by the result" said Helen.

When asked about PoP's goals for the future, she said "We want to expand services for students, have more social functions and improve the profile of the SA and the services it provides. We want people to get to know us, and to be proud and aware of their Students' Association."

"I think the difference between us and previous parties who have said the same thing is that we actually care. PoP representatives stood because they actually wanted to make a difference, not because they wanted to support a particular political party."

Those lucky, lucky few who were elected are: President - Helen Stitt; Education Officer - Paul Barnsley; General Secretary - Katherine Giles; Treasurer - Angelique Jerga; Social Officer - Fiona Gardener. There are six PoP General Reps, two Democrats, two Natural Selection, and one from Labor Alliance, Student Action, and the Luke Party.



Helen Stitt: popping up as next year's SA President

Photo: Michael Cook



(Above) A man and his weapon...The Natural Selection Party's Stephen Schneider takes an unusual approach to campaigning

photo: Katherine Giles

ItA fight forces Govt. backdown

by Michael Cook

After sustained pressure from students, staff and the general community, the ACT Government will restore half of the \$1.6 million it recently cut from the ANU's Institute of the Arts (ItA).

The government is also negotiating with ItA over additional funding for specific projects like the Open Art program, music workshops, and public concerts.

The sudden decision to restore over \$800,000 in funding was welcomed by Head of the School of Art, Professor David Williams. He sees the reversal as a significant victory for ItA, and for Canberra art and culture.

"Two months ago we were looking at zero money. The return of



\$800,000 a year will certainly help us run many community programs that would otherwise have gone."

Professor Williams also warmly acknowledged the important role of students in the victory.

"This could not have been achieved without the great support of students from ItA and the rest of the ANU," he said. "They rallied with a sense of pride and responsibility."

"The community support for ItA has also been fantastic - the huge number of letters and the very spirited protests all helped to make the government reconsider its decision."

The Vice-Chancellor of the ANU, Professor Deane Terrell, said this renewal of funding would help ItA plan for the future. "The Institute can now finalise its budget plans for the next triennium knowing that there is con-

tinuing ACT Government support for vital community and schools programs," he told *The Canberra Times*.

ANU Students' Association President Harry Greenwell also welcomed the move. "Whilst only half the funding has been restored, it demonstrates that the Government can be forced to change its mind," he said. "There is overwhelming public and student support for a continuation of funding for ItA."

Over the past months, since the \$1.6 million funding cut was released in the ACT Budget, the Government has been embarrassed by the passionate defence of the Institute. Chief Minister Kate Carnell refused to explain why the decision — labelled as 'final' at the time — had now been suddenly reversed, only saying that the ACT Government spends more per head of population on arts and culture than any state in Australia. This "was proof of the government's commitment to promoting and encouraging the arts in Canberra," she said.

The decision is particularly humiliating for Legislative Assembly Member Harold Hird. In recent Budget Committee hearings he savagely attacked the Heads of the Schools of Music and Art. At one stage he accused Professor Fraillon, Head of the School of Music, of lying about funding, and continually disrupted proceedings by abusing the Heads.

Carefully measuring his words, Professor Williams did acknowledge Mr Hird "did go over the top" at the hearings. "That's unimportant, however. This outcome is in the spirit of continuing the vital role the Schools of Music and Art play in the community," Professor Williams said. "Perhaps Mr Hird doesn't recognise this."

Mr Hird refused to comment to *Woroni* on the issue.

A sexy week for students

by Alison Cape

ANU Sex and Health Week, held from September 7 to 11, provided students with an opportunity to



(safely) flaunt their sexuality in bizarre and exciting ways.

A wide array of events were organised to entertain and educate people about sexual issues. These included free workshops, a barbecue provided by the Students' Association, and a 'Love Bus' tour of Canberra's sex industry.

ANU Sexuality Officer Fleur Wimborne believes the week was a

great success. "The Workshops at the colleges were fantastic," Fleur said. "Bruce seemed to especially get into it — the free condoms just disappeared off the table."

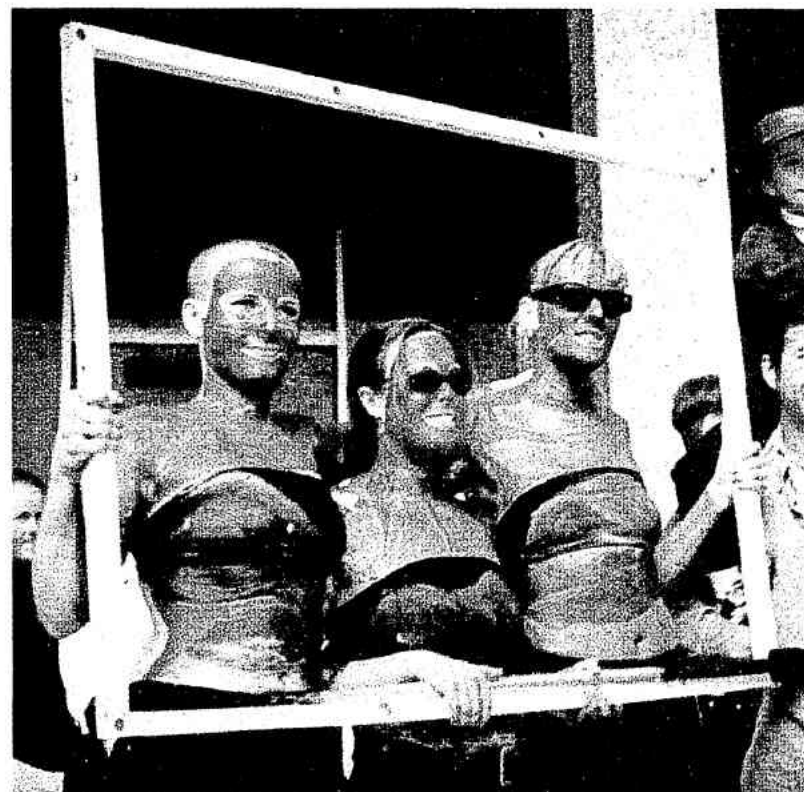
The Love Bus visited Club X, Goldfingers (which has Canberra's biggest dungeon), Sensations, and Axis Video, before heading to the Heaven nightclub to watch male and female strippers. Fleur thinks everyone on board enjoyed the trip.

"We got a 50% discount on everything we bought — which was a lot — and Miss Erotica ACT was amazing (especially what she did with some hot wax)."



This man jumps in a celebration of his sexuality at the Sex and Health Week Barbecue. The jumping castle later burst.

photo: Katherine Giles



ItA students combined their artistic and protesting abilities to fight the cuts.

Liberal website target of ANU cyber-vandalism

by Mark Whalan

The official Liberal Party website has become the target of an ANU student and "cyber-vandal".

The Australian Federal Police have confirmed that they are investigating the trashing of the Australian Liberal Party website from a computer on the ANU campus.

Woroni has confirmation from ANU staff that they have been questioned over the matter, though they are reluctant to say anything further. Apparently the incident occurred from a Copland computer lab, early on a week-day morning.

A source within ANU User Support said the person or persons involved were "very foolish", and "did not cover their tracks very well at all."

"In fact, we captured them on security video," he said.

Apparently up to 32 people from around Australia, at different times made changes to the website, including changing John Howard's name to "Führer Johnny Hanson Howard", changing Profiles names such as "Peter 'Wanker' Costello and Peter 'Dickhead' Reith.

The more serious tampering was linking the site to an Asian pornography website called "Angelique's Asian Angels".

Two staffers of Kim Beazley were sacked over the incident. One was Paul Gill, and the another was an unnamed ANU student volunteer worker. Paul Gill has admitted emailing Labor members on how to

trash the site and the volunteer admitted to encouraging others to trash the site.

Rumours abound about which ANU student was involved. Woroni cannot publish the name until charges are laid, which will probably occur soon.

Amazingly, the police are unable to define what law the two involved will be charged under. The Fraud Squad is involved, and fraud charges are a possibility. The laws on Computer crime are serious and for certain offences include prison sentences.

Woroni has confirmed and it has been widely reported that it is relatively simple task to trash any website, if it has no security — and the vast bulk don't. A word processor like Microsoft Word, used properly, would do the job.

The Liberal Party did not want to make any official comment on the vandalism of their website, or the site's non-existent security.

"We've said everything we wanted to say about this — now it's up to the police," a Party spokesman said.

A Liberal party member, speaking on the condition of anonymity, said that such attacks demonstrated the juvenile nature of ALP junior staffers.

"They never grow up," he said. "I guess that's why they're members of the Labor Party in the first place. Naive idealists!"

Abortion bill opposed

by Chabelle Kingston

In a continuing campaign Against Independent MLA Paul Osborne's Anti-Abortion Bill, over 300 pro-choice protesters rallied on September 23. It was the second in a planned series of protests designed to raise awareness of the effect on ACT women if the proposed law — which severely restricts a woman's right to an abortion — is passed.

Speakers from medical and legal groups argued that the present system needed to be maintained, and that any tightening of the laws could have a devastating impact. Addressing the crowd, Anne Hosking, from the ACT Medical

Women's Association, said that women's lives shouldn't be controlled by others.

"A small number of male politicians want to write into law their personal views on abortion," she said.

Paul Osborne said the rally hasn't forced him to change or withdraw the bill.

"I won't be amending it. Now it's up to the Members of the Legislative Assembly who must have the courage to stand up for their convictions."

After the rally two Labor Members, who had earlier declared themselves anti-abortion, said they were probably going to vote against the bill because of the 'sneaky' way Osborne tried to get it passed without proper debate.



(Above) A pro-choice protester wears her badges with pride.

Dollar devaluation screws libraries

By Chris Davies

The ANU Library has cut approximately \$800,000 worth of overseas serials, and severely reduced the number of new book acquisitions.

Almost one quarter of all serials received in science, economics, and law will be cancelled. Science will be particularly hard hit, with over a third of biomedics publications stopped.

This dramatic reduction has been primarily caused by the weak Australian dollar (which has fallen from 78 cents to the US dollar, to around 59

cents), combined with a yearly serials price increase of about 10 per cent.

Funding cuts to universities have further reduced the Library's ability to maintain the present number of subscriptions.

Librarian Colin Steele believes the cut could damage the ANU's standing.

"At the ANU we're facing a purchasing cut of 30 per cent in real terms for serials," he said. "We've got to get this through to the learned community."

The cut will result in a narrower range of expert opinion and comment accessible to students.



Candidates on campus

by Michael Cook

Not just one, but two One Nation candidates braved the ANU campus to take part in an Election forum, held two weeks before the Federal Election.

Organised by the Students' Association to inform students of candidates' views on education and youth affairs, candidates from Labor, the Greens, the Democratic Socialists, and the Democrats discussed policies and answered questions.

The most controversial participants, however, were the One Nation representatives Chris Spence and Bill Dobell. When questioned about the worth of the ANU's Asian Studies Faculty, Mr Dobell replied that he had no problem with learning Asian languages to help Australian trade, but he doesn't "want them spoken in Australia. English is good enough for here."

Jason Wood, ANU student and Democrat candidate for the seat of Fraser, said that the Election forum was a good way to communicate to students. "Our track record on Higher Education is exemplary, but we've got to let students know what we've done," he said.

No Liberal Party candidates attended. SA President Harry Greenwell said "students could make of that what they wanted."



(above) A Democratic Socialist reaches out to One Nation candidate Chris Spence photo: Michael Cook

Tertiary challenge

ANU sporting teams have just fought for their University in the Tertiary Challenge, a competition between all ACT tertiary institutions. As usual, the University of Canberra kicked everyone's butt. A UC basketballer explained their superiority: "We're just too good, man."

An ANU competitor also suggested a reason: "It helps that they teach Physical Education as a tertiary course."



The captain of the UC team participating in the singles gloating

in brief

Tribute to a good guy

Former Woroni editor, and one of life's true good guys, Martin Attridge, sadly passed away last month. As a student and Woroni editor at the ANU, he showed the courage and passion that marked a life devoted to making the world a better place. Most of all Martin Attridge was a tireless advocate for social justice. Involved with the Australian Labor Party, ACT Council of Social Services, National Shelter, and numerous other youth, voluntary and advocacy organisations, he assisted many and was widely respected in the Canberra community. As a man of many parts, Martin Attridge leaves a space in the world that will be difficult to fill.

Appalling college cleanliness

Woroni editors Daniel Landon and Michael Cook were left horrified by the state of the ANU's colleges whilst on a recent photo shoot. There appeared to be very little disgusting behaviour, and even fewer filthy rooms. Colleges visited included John XXIII, Ursula's, Bruce, and Burgmann. All had shower stalls that were appallingly clean, as were the kitchens and common areas. In desperation the two headed over to Toad Hall, but were again disappointed.

Sports Union update

At last, some good news for students. The ANU Sports Union has got its butt into gear and is currently in the process of negotiating the construction of an extension to the Gym. Due to the overwhelming demand from students for gym space, it has been decided by Sports Council that the current facilities need to be extended. This would provide increased space for numerous team sports, a new climbing wall, seating for spectators and improvements to the air conditioning and toilets.

At present the Sports Union is developing a feasibility study, and if everything goes according to plan, (including approval from all the appropriate bodies), students should be able to enjoy their new facilities by the end of the millennium.

sexuality department

Hi there. My name is Fleur Wimborne and I was officially appointed to the position of Sexuality Officer last August. I also stood for the same position in the recent SA elections and extend heart-felt thanks to all who voted for me.

The past month has been a pretty intense time for the Sex Dep with the launch of the Canberra Queer Directory '98, the Anti-Violence Campaign and the inaugural Sex and Health Week. The CQD is a listing of many of the queer and queer-friendly venues and services around town and is available free of charge from the Sex Dep or from your favourite venue. It

was launched on August 29 at the Meridian Club by Kate Carnell. Thanks to both the club and the Chief Minister. Thanks also to Constable Wayne Severs who launched the AFP Gay and Lesbian Contact Officer Scheme on the same night. The Contact Officer Scheme aims to provide people with a safe, supportive and understanding environment should they wish to report incidents of a homophobic nature. The contact phone number is 6245 7208.

Sex and Health Week was also an outstanding success with many workshops, seminars and activities, most of which were well attended. Among these events were talks on sexual linguistics, sex addiction and a BDSM workshop which was very well attended (what does that say about ANU students?) Thanks to the coordinators and facilitators who vol-

untarily gave their time to present these events. The most popular event by far, however, was the Love Bus tour. This tour, which is run by the Eros Foundation in association with the AXIS Group, gave us an inside look at Canberra's adult industry and dispelled many myths while providing an accurate and realistic picture of this legitimate but much-misunderstood business. Along the way we were treated to free champagne, exotic dancers (including the current Miss ACT Nude and Miss ACT Erotica) numerous discounts and a free video. It was definitely \$25 well spent.

The evening finished off with a dance party at Heaven which went well into the morning. Revellers were treated to entertainment by our very own DJ's, Katherine and Chris, as well as numerous prizes and give-aways including a weekend for two in the Blue Mountains courtesy of our good friends at STA Travel in Garema Place.

Lastly a very big thank you to Ansell who donated several thousand dollars worth of safe sex goodies which helped to ensure that a safe good time was had by all.

Planning is already underway for future events so if you have any ideas, suggestions or activities you would like to see included we would love to hear from you.

Phone: 6279 8514
Email: sexdep@student.anu.edu.au
Cheers, Fleur



President's Report

These activities have garnered reasonable media coverage, given that the news has been swamped by numerous interest groups trying to get their message across. Nationally, higher education has not figured as a major issue, which is disappointing. This also makes it difficult to ascertain whether our campaigning at a local level had much impact. I believe that the dramatic impact of the Howard Government on the tertiary sector made it worth trying.

But the question is, did the Students' Association properly represent its members when we took such a political position? Obviously, a large number of our members are Coalition voters and yet we were instructing the public to vote against the Coalition if they wanted to support higher education. I think that the position we took was reasonable. First, because we campaigned for election on policies strongly opposed to the Liberal Government, and as flawed as our voting system is (and as much as I hate the word 'mandate') that is the only mandate we have. Second, as student representatives, we are meant to represent students on higher education issues.

Regardless of what you think about the Coalition generally, it has made changes that, I would argue, have done considerable harm to students and to the University system. I believe that it is the Students' Association's responsibility to communicate the effect of those changes to the public.

Furthermore, I believe that the Students' Association had a responsibility to campaign for policies that it judged to be in the best interests of the student body and frankly, I think that just about anything (other than One Nation) would be better than what the Howard Government has done. Just in case anyone has forgotten, the changes introduced by Vanstone and Kemp include: a reduction of \$840 million in University operating grants (broken promise #1); the refusal to fund staff salary increases; a reduction in the HECS repayment threshold to \$20,700 pa (broken promise #2); a cut of \$527 million from Austudy payments (broken promise #3); the introduction of up-front fee paying places (broken promise #4); a cut of \$38.7 million from Abstudy; and increases of up to 125% in HECS (broken promise #5).

Howard didn't just make non-core promises - he had non-core portfolios as well and higher education was definitely one of them. (I say this despite making one concession. The introduction of the Youth Allowance this year restored some of the funds to student income support that had previously been withdrawn. This is something that I also conceded when questioned about it in the media.)

Anyway, all this will be a little irrelevant by the time this gets read. I wrote this report because I believe that the political positions taken by student organisations do need to be justified and because I think that the particular position we have taken in this election is eminently justifiable. My final comment is just to note that yet another outstanding anti-Liberal ticket - POP - has been elected to the Students' Association, so you can be assured that the strong political stance taken by student representatives will continue.

And a good thing too.
Harry Greenwell
Sa.president@student.anu.edu.au

As I write, the Federal Election still hangs in the balance however, by the time you read this, it will all be over. Nonetheless, I think now is probably a good time to detail some of the activities that the Students' Association organised in opposition to the Howard Government during the Election. It is also worth explaining why we took such a political position on this issue.

But first, some good news. The Students' Association was heavily involved in several protests organised outside the ACT Legislative Assembly, highlighting Kate Carnell's rash, hasty and ill-considered decision to phase out the ACT's grant of \$1.6 million to the Institute of the Arts. On Friday 18th, she announced that as part of a 'services agreement', \$800,000 would continue to be provided to ITA for the next three years. Although it is disappointing that ITA will now have to go through the painful (and, in my view, unjustified) process of finding ways to reduce costs by \$800,000, this result is a big win. I believe that the extensive positive media coverage gained by the School of Music "Busking Marathon", the School of Art "Arts Week" and the final pre-Budget sitting rally gave a considerable fillip to the ANU in its negotiations with the ACT Government. I would like to thank the many students who devoted many hours to making the protests fun, colourful, positive and, eventually, effective.

The effort was well worth it.

Back to the Federal Election. The Students' Association began its activities at Open Day, when we joined with the NTEU in handing out material to prospective students and their parents, explaining the impact of the Coalition's policies over the last term of government. Since then, we have responded in the media to the higher education policy launches made by the Democrats, Labor and the Coalition.

We organised a meet-the-candidates forum on higher education (which Margaret Reid declined to attend). We wrote an open letter to Margaret Reid, criticising her Government's record on higher education. Most recently, we organised stalls with the NTEU outside major shopping centres, again distributing information to voters about higher education issues. And we have several plans for activities in the final week of the campaign ...

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Reflections on an Election

By Penny Marsh

Six months ago most ANU student political pundits thought the 1998 SA elections were as good as over. The ambitious James Connor had just been elected to fill the Education Officer casual vacancy, giving the Democrats every executive position except the Presidency. Indeed, by early May, Connor was already confidently claiming the 1999 Presidency as his. This was all part of the Connor grand plan. It started with his defection from the ANU Liberal Club, was furthered by his founding of the ANU Democrats' Club, and was to culminate in his election to the Senate. The student Presidency was a vital step along the way.

But when the ballot boxes were opened on 18 September, the Democrats were demolished, capturing less than 20 percent of the primary vote. No serious ticket this decade had suffered such a humiliating defeat. The

But when the ballot boxes were opened on 18 September, the Democrats were demolished, capturing less than 20 percent of the primary vote. No serious ticket this decade had suffered such a humiliating defeat.

Democrats had recently won the Union elections, had called upon federal party resources to run a professional campaign, and had polled hard. Yet Connor's team were only able to capture a pathetic 3 out of 37 elected positions. It was not what one would expect from a future senator.

The seeds of the demolition were sown by Connor himself. It was the defection of key disgruntled Democrats which formed the core of the PoP ticket.

With most of the best Democrats refusing to stand on a Connor-led ticket the door was open for a new force. But it took the vibrance and enthusiasm of Helen Stitt and her PoP comrades to exploit this opening. ANU students were given a refreshing alternative to the rump Democrat group, and they grasped it with both hands, returning PoP candidates to every executive position and a substantial majority of other

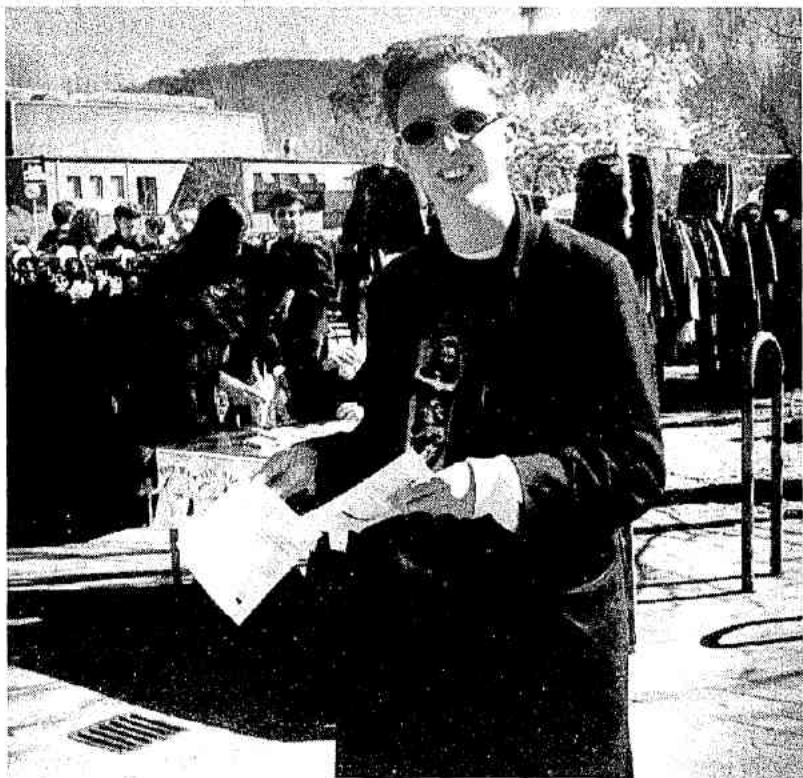
SA posts.

The 1998 elections will be remembered as representing a sea change in the student political guard. For the last three years the Presidency has been held by men, all of whom commenced study in 1994. The Democrats threatened to install another male from this generation to the top job and put in a student politician who has been in the game for almost a decade as his off-sider. Instead the ANU student body opted for new blood. For the first time ever a female teenager will be sitting on ANU council; a result which is a tribute to both Helen and her constituency. Furthermore, the success of the PoP ticket has installed a plethora of young, idealistic students, to what was fast becoming a jaded organisation.

However, PoP was not the only ticket containing new talent. The excellent campaign run by the Labor Students' Club heralds the emergence of a number of quality fledging Labor lackeys, including Kianna Lafferty and Iain Barr. These rookies have the potential to guide the club back to the prominence it enjoyed on campus prior to the 1996 Wadgate scandal. Similarly the Natural Selection ticket succeeded in having Jessica Barker and Maciej Wasilewicz elected to the SRC, both of whom are likely to play a significant part in the SA in future years.

Also worth noting is the continued fall from grandeur of the once mighty ANU Liberal Club. Having failed to win a single position on the Union Board, presidential candidate Tim Dixon gave credibility to the Luke Party by capturing just four more votes than the almighty Luke himself. It is fair to say the Liberal Club is in crisis. This term alone they have had their Club president rolled in a bitter factional brawl, lost the NUS referendum, have been forced off the Union Board, and now have failed to win a single position in the SA elections. Many will be hoping their luck continues Federally.

Meanwhile, the difficult task of revitalising the disgraced Democrat Students' Club falls to the new and flamboyant Club president, Llewellyn Reynders. It will be a tough job, but should be achievable if James and his henchmen and women step aside graciously. As for Mr Connor's senatorial ambitions? We think Rick Farley looks pretty safe for now.



Democrat candidate for General Secretary Andrew Vance may look happy now, but this was before the results were known.

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Political Rant

A University Education for \$8 a Day

BY TABASCO MARK

I'm seeing them again. Lots of bright coloured posters, telling me I need to rally against more government cuts to education. And I'm wondering why? Why bother? If they want the money they'll take it. I can just picture the suits now, standing at a window looking out on a crowd of uni students, shouting slogans unheard through the double glazing, waving the signs, and they'll look at each other and converse something like this.

"They look angry."

"Who? Those happy children?"

"They're not happy. They're protesting against cuts to their education."

"More cuts?"

"Yep. Has to be done, they just can't understand that."

"Why does it have to be done?"

"I don't know. That's not my department, I think the Department of finance handles these things."

"I don't understand."

"It's not our job to understand. We pay other people to understand, we're just here to tell them its beyond their understanding."

And so on. I'm an Arts student so don't think my views are particularly informed or thought out, I'm just talking out of my arts. But still an idea is an idea, no matter where it came from. Those students who disagree with the following perspective, please feel free to argue; discussion never hurt anything other than progress.

As I see it, the government holds all the aces, because we settle. Even if the budget was reduced by half again, all we would do is whinge and whine. Ohh that hurts, please don't do it again. So then I start wondering about all the protestors who will jump and scream for their right to education, who also will sit quite like a vegetable for hours of lectures, saying nothing, bored out of their minds, that is if they even show up to class. I could assume that the thousands who are arguing against cuts with such fervour are the ones who find every class interesting and fulfilling and progressive for their learning.

I saw this one sign saying to fight privatisation of education. Why? Make it a business, that has to compete for students against the other business. Competing on quality and price. Isn't that what capitalism is about? For government-funded education students are the 'public.' Which means an unlimited resource that won't go away. To privatised-education students would be a 'market.' And we would have the power of consumers.

I've a very biased opinion as you can see — I've sat through too many lectures wishing I was somewhere else. I've also sat through some damn good lectures that I haven't wanted to end; because they were interesting and I felt I was learning something useful. Now, if only we could cut out the bad. Here we go cutting again! But I'm kind of serious. As an arts student I'm paying about fifteen hundred a year, or more I try not to think about it; I'd prefer to have a sort of ticket system for lectures. I'll pay eight dollars to watch the ones I think are good, and the ones that are bad will just be empty. I don't learn anything from bad lectures/lecturers, so why should I be paying their way through life?

Call me selfish, but personally I feel screwed over. I have passed courses by buying the text and not showing up to lectures. I'll go to tutes because they will fail me if they don't see me enough. But again, some tutes/tutors are worth the effort, most aren't. I hold no love for the present system, most of us are only here to avoid the inevitable so why not try something new?

What I would like is the option to forego assessment. If I write an essay, I don't want a mark, I want help to develop it. I don't want to write the same essay as everyone else. Why should I be forced to sprout the same crap as everyone else, isn't learning also about individuality? I don't care for a degree, a useless piece of paper that anybody with a half a mind and a bit of cash can get. Where's a BA gonna get me anyway? I just want to learn.

Opinion

Head 2 Head

We've been hounded by those pesky student politicians in no less than three elections this year: the NUS referendum, Union Board, and Students' Association. After staggering through that electoral assault, we were mercilessly subjected to the heavy artillery: a federal poll. Are all these exercises in democracy necessary? Wouldn't we all be better off controlled by a benign, Mr Rogers-like dictatorship? Danny L and Rosy D sure believe so. Michael Cook thinks they're both fascists. They go Head to Head...

Why Democracy Sux

So the latest election has been and gone. What a wank. Have you ever seen a bigger load of self-indulgent-wanking-around by a bunch of stiffs in bad clothes. Policies, promises, GST, crap, jobs, health care, crap, blah, ukfjkl dklfidsa. Sorry, I fell asleep on the keyboard. That's about how interesting the bloody election was.

What about democracy I hear you say. Surely in a rich, diverse, stable country like Australia, elections are vital in ensuring we remain free and democratic.

Yeah right. Believe that in a hurry. Sorry folks, but democracy sux. Now we're not advocating military dictatorships and other such dodgy regimes — hell, we don't want to be ruled by a bunch of militaristic assholes with guns. It would be like everyone having living at ADFA, with those anal, immature, fucked-in-the-head cadets ruling our lives. However, democracy means that the people decide, and this is where the real problem lies.

People are stupid. We'll just repeat that for you — dumbos. People are stupid. Most of the time people can't decide which bloody pizza company to ring to get their two large for \$19.95. They don't know what they're doing. How the fuck can they make a decision about who is to govern us? They get it wrong — all the time. To put it simply, people don't vote for the people they should do. Shock horror, are we advocating that people shouldn't be allowed to decide who rules them? Absolutely. Leave it to the people to decide, and look what happens: Thatcher, Reagan, Harry Greenwell, Pauline Hanson (to the people of Queensland: "why oh why?"), little Johnnie Howard and his bunch of complete and utter first rate wankers. Shit, even Hitler was elected. A big hip hip hooray to the people of Germany for that one. We all know Germans are pretty screwed up people, two world wars and all that, but how do you elect Hitler for christ's sake?

Now let's just go over this again — people are stupid. Got it. Stupid people don't deserve to vote. They don't know, can't know, have no idea, and should be put down (only joking), but they should definitely be locked up on polling day. Old people, Tasmanians, rugby league players, Queenslanders, non-Arts students, housewives, blondes, people who listen to commercial radio, Star Trek fans. Take out these cretins and the smart population of Australia starts to look pretty small. When you think that the majority of Australians are actually really stupid, this creates an obvious problem when we go about electing our national leaders.

People who don't care, and don't take an interest — get stuffed. Why should you be allowed to exercise your little bit of democracy

when all you are going to do is cast a vote that means bugger-all to you. If you don't care you should be banned from voting. Simple isn't it. Ditto for people who do take an interest, but get sucked in by short skirts and blonde hair (Hello Natasha, are you there?), and the streamers, balloons and pathetic imagery of political parties. "I think I'll vote for Mr X coz he looks nice".

Why Democracy Rocks

People aren't as stupid as first impressions may indicate.

I have recently survived a horrific electoral experience, as a candidate in the recent Students' Association elections. Four miserable days of standing at the polls, wearing a stupid T-shirt, and being nice to people I can't stand.

But just as I was preparing to damn the democratic process and everything it stands for, to my amazement, good

the people, have power over them, the politicians. Did you notice at SA Elections time the fawning, obsequious way student politicians approached and addressed you? All of a sudden they were the Milhouse to your Bart Simpson: the geeky, awestruck best friend who would do anything for you. They listened with an intent, interested expression as you whinged about a pet hate; they gave a pained grin as you told them to piss off; and they (sometimes literally) fell at your feet if you said you were just off to vote.

Why? Because we have the power. They need us. We control *their* destiny — try explaining that one to a starving North Korean peasant.

Sure democracy can be, and has been corrupted — but so have all other political systems. The fault doesn't lie with the process, but the people who control it. Democracy also throws up the very occasional Hitler. But communism throws up the occasional Stalin; dictatorships throw up the all-too-frequent Ayatollah or Hussein.

Interestingly, when the corrupt or incompetent do sneak into office, democratic countries have a relatively good track record of catching them out. Want examples? Just look what happened to Nixon. Hell, look at Clinton — here's the most powerful man in the world being forced to tell a grand jury (later broadcast live around the globe) about his role in the insertion of cigars into an intern.

Without democracy and its fundamental components — free speech and independent media organisations — we'd miss out on such priceless entertainment. It sure wouldn't happen in Cuba.

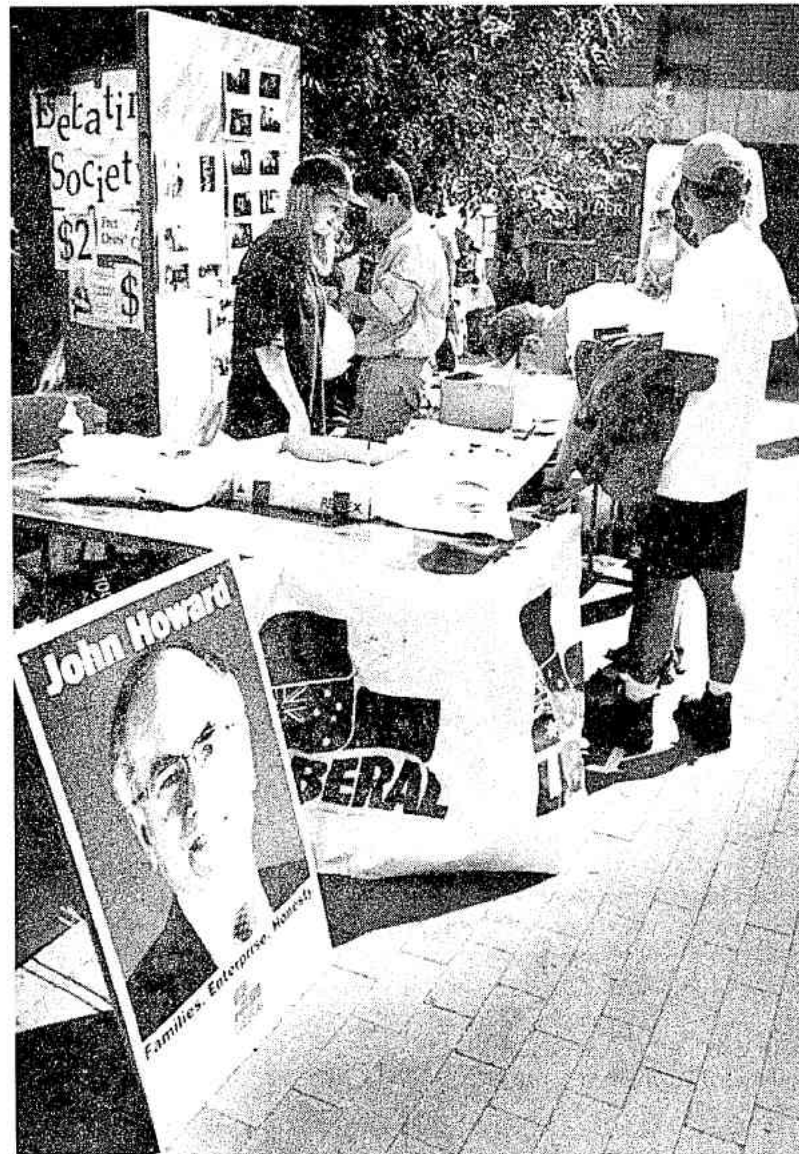
On another track, a friend declared that the fundamental flaw with democracy is its tendency to stifle revolutionary new social or economic ideas. He's perceptive, but horribly wrong — this element of democracy is probably its greatest strength.

People are uncomfortable of new ideas. 'The community' is, essentially, a conservative organism, preferring the comfortable, recognisable present to a potentially uncomfortable, risky future. To win power, therefore, the new idea needs to be damn good. Anyone can think up a 'grand vision' that may or may not be beneficial — but what's its use if the very people it's supposed to help are unhappy with it?

Accordingly, political leaders are forced to attract and pull the majority of the population with them as they move forward. And the people who make the choice to back a particular politician aren't stupid. I concede it's disconcerting to think that the idiot down at the Motor Registry helps to pick our leader, but as a whole we put a lot of consideration into our vote.

Finally, I'm the first to admit that our political system contains flaws — but only in a democratic society have we got the right to say that. It sure wouldn't happen in China.

— Michael Cook



Do you want your life left in the hands of someone who thinks like this? We didn't think so.

Whoever you vote for, you end up with an incompetent idiot in the end anyway. Politicians are stupid. Even those in the minority who think they can change the world, are over ruled and out voted by the other elected morons. Why the hell do we even bother voting, it's not like we get any reward for it? When all the candidates are stupid, and they are being elected by stupid people... work the consequences out for yourselves. But in case you're stupid, we'll tell you: This democracy thing really sux.

In the course of writing this article, Rosy and Danny have decided that actually, a dictatorship is starting to look pretty damn attractive. Down with democracy. Vive la Revolution. As long as we're the rulers. So there.

— Rosy D. and Danny L.

people were elected. People who cared enough to get off their butts and try to improve the lot of students (in fact, pretty much everyone running for positions seemed scarily competent and committed).

And so, refreshed by an example of democracy done good, I'm going to take on these opposing fascists and verbally rip them apart limb by limb.

As far as I can see, democracy serves one purpose: providing a form of governance for the people that attempts to stop any one individual or group from gaining too much power. It's those groovy democratic checks and balances, man. At the other extreme, absolute power corrupts absolutely — a cliché, I admit, but one with truth behind it. To entrust someone, anyone, else with complete control over every aspect of your life — without having the right to give them the arse at the ballot box — smacks of suicidal stupidity.

This is why democracy rocks. We,

debate

letters

Please note

If you've got nasty letters just drop them into the Woroni office of the university dispensed at the Students Association or e-mail on woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au, or try faxing on (02) 62493967. Or you can just come and abuse us (although we might laugh at you before beating you up).

Woroni editors are not homophobic — they're homosexual!

Hello Woroni
I'd just like to say that the last issue of Woroni was pretty much a homosexual edition. Firstly, the Lego gay couple.... Couldn't you find any female Lego person from your Lego blocks? Why did they have to be two male Lego person? Then, the photos... How could you put those butt naked homosexuals on the students' newspaper? I reckon, we should have separate newspapers for heteros and homos, if those kind of photos had to be displayed. Because, we, heterosexuals, DO NOT want to know about homosexuals having sex. I know that homosexuals will complain if you put something heterosexual in the newspaper. But,

they are minorities. Please think about majorities too. I believe it is a acceptable discrimination to ignore homosexual sex activities.
Anonymous
Homophobia — We need more to save the human race.

Take that you philistines

Dear Editors,
I have heard some editors have been accused of self-indulgence. Such accusations are unreasonable and irrational. I have come to realise over the course of the year that the editors', and particularly Brandan's, work is of an exceptionally high standard — a standard which provides both incisive humour and intelligent analysis of issues facing uni students and the community in general.
Don't let the philistines get you down.
Carol Summers

Get rid of the leaf blowers

Dear Editors,
There appears to be a simple way to stop cuts to academic staff. Sack 90% of those people who wander around uni blowing leaves in no particular direction, sweeping up twigs that aren't doing anyone any harm, and other useless stuff. From where I sit right now I can see three of these people standing around chatting. Say we sack two, who currently earn approximately \$24,000 a year. Voila! We've saved a history lec-

turer, or kept weekly tutorials in philosophy.
Call me cold-hearted, but I'd prefer a university that had adequate teaching resources, and looked a little shabby. Can you pass this on to the VC immediately?
An Arts Malcontent

Are all postgraduate lawyers this bigoted?

Dear Editor,
I wonder how many people are aware that the activities of the ANU Students' Association Sexuality Department in favour of for example homosexuality and drug use are being at least partly funded by student fees.
This is of concern because homosexuality for example is destructive and life-threatening to people. It unquestionably places them in the high-risk area of contacting AIDS. The statistics have shown that the vast majority (85%) of the 5000 plus Australians who have died from AIDS were homosexual men — *Australian HIV Surveillance Update, National Centre in HIV Epidemiology and Clinical Research, April 1998*.
It is inappropriate for a university by its name, and for university students by their fees, to encourage a dangerous practice, which is an almost certain death sentence for those involved. The average age of homosexuals dying of AIDS is 39 years — *The Myth of Safe Sex, Moody Press*. The message of no drugs and no sex (outside marriage) as the safest way to go, need to be presented.

Yours faithfully,
Vicki Salkin
ANU postgraduate student and lawyer

Right of Reply: the sex dept

Dear Editor,
in response to Vicki Salkin's letter, regarding student money being used (and the ANU's name being tainted) by "encouraging a dangerous practice", namely drug use and homosexuality, I would like to state the following:

- You cannot catch AIDS, it is a syndrome not an illness. HIV, a virus transmitted through blood, vaginal fluids and semen is predominantly passed on through heterosexual activity (Stephen Lawton, AIDS Action Council (ACT)). Nonetheless, it is important to remember that, being a virus, HIV does not discriminate on the grounds of sexuality, race or gender.

- The Kinsey Report (Saunders) suggested that 1 in 10 people are gay. Vicki argues that because of the 5000 AIDS-related deaths 85% were gay-identifying men, being homosexual is "an almost certain death sentence". Australia has a population of 18 Million, leading to a conservative estimate of over 1 million gay Australians. And less than 5000 have died. Somehow, I do not consider this to be an immediate death sentence.

Additionally, the Sexuality Department has never encouraged drug use or unsafe practices. Quite to the contrary, we have always encouraged (and will continue to encourage) safe prac-

tices, be they sexual or drug practices. We believe that university students are capable of deciding for themselves whether drug use is of benefit or cost to them. Should any students then decide to take drugs, we encourage them to do so safely, without harming themselves or others. Likewise, we encourage people to be safe in their sexual encounters, be they homosexual, or heterosexual.

The Sexuality Department receives an annual allowance of \$5000 from the General Student Fees paid by undergraduate students, including those that are queer. This represents a very small percentage of total student fees paid, all of which are used to address the needs of queer-identifying students, as well as those of many other students through our safe-sex campaigns and activities.

Letters such as that from Ms. Salkin only go to show that organisations like the Sexuality Department are still very much necessary at the ANU today. Her ignorance, misinformation and blatant bigotry need to be redressed to make all students at the ANU feel comfortable and safe, not just the closed-minded, homophobic and outdated individuals Fred Nile would be proud to call his own.

And besides, Vicki is a self-confessed postgraduate, and hence has no say in how ANU Students' Association (the undergraduate student body) funds should be used.

Sincerely,
Matt Schmidt
ANU Sexuality Officer

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THE 1000 GREATEST ROCK 'N' ROLL ALBUMS OF ALL TIME

Ahhh yyes, the old "greatest albums ever" list... a time to relive the memories. Remember the first day Sgt Peppers came out and you ran down the street with four hapenny and a tuppence (which in those days of course could get you a deposit on a new home) and queued for hours just to get your copy. Then you went home and took out the little innersleeve and cut out your own little Sgt Peppers membership badge that some groovy English "pop" artist had designed. Or what about the day you first heard "Be My Baby" on the radio. Gosh, I bet you bend your head in shame and let out a little laugh now that you remember your embarrassing "Whiter Shade of Pale" days. Well actually... NO I FUCKIN' DON'T. Let's face it, decrepit geriatric music

critic bastards have dominated the pages of all the "authoritative" music journals for what seems like decades. In fact, what has been decades. From the Olympian heights of Rolling Stone, Mojo and (shudder) NME they pontificate like the smarmy muso royalty they think they are and, in the process, attempt to dictate taste to suit their paradigm of stultifying orthodoxy. But before I carry on I should point out that this list is not a gratuitous attempt to ignore the achievements of previous decades. It merely attempts to redress a balance absent so far in most of these, essentially, spurious lists. This list recognises that rock lived beyond the 60s. It insists that the 90s deserves better than a couple of token appearances from Nirvana and argues that the bands from previous decades once thought

important have often become less so in the light of what rock and roll has become. We would also argue that labouring in obscurity is not a guarantee of musical credibility and that, for instance, just because the 80s was a time of great polarisation between "commercial" and "alternative" does not mean that one or the other was any better. Neither do we care who did what first. There is a peculiar baby boomer tendency to get all hot under the collar about which album was a "breakthrough". Put simply, I really couldn't give a shit about who was the first to use symphony orchestras, tapes playing backwards or a drum machine. Under the "but if it hadn't been for X there would have been no Y" rationale the first cave man to whack himself in the head with a stick is the greatest

musician of all time because his was the original "breakthrough". This argument is simply used to enforce a 60s orthodoxy and a convenient excuse to ignore any potential "breakthroughs" made in the 80s or 90s. Basically we've attempted to do a list that ignores current biases in rock journalism. We've tried to avoid tokenism and we feel, for the moment, that it succeeds at least partially. This list has been rather more work than I first expected, so I particularly thank Mikhail Johani who ended up writing about a third of it to cover my arse as well as Paul Harris who did Dylan, Sound As Ever and London Calling. George Megalogenis, the human Neil Young encyclopedia, did the aforementioned artist as well as Born to Run and Nebraska. Claire Smith was also a big help by

doing Joni Mitchell, Kiss and a few more. Seeing that nothing of greatness was ever decided by committee, it is I, the evil Brendan Shanahan to whom all items of hate mail, death threats and music nerd apoplexy should be sent. I love to be hated and it's you who can do it for me as I take full responsibility for all your disgruntlement and outrage. (The authorship of all blurbs are identified by the initial of the first name of those who wrote them) PS. Because we are dumb fucks and didn't realise until the night before this went to print, number 61 was accidentally left out. It should have been Nebraska by Bruce Springsteen - sorry George.

100
Nevermind
Nirvana



A million silly kids wearing a million silly t-shirts. Aliens take over the world and mistake Kurt for Jesus. It's the year 2400 and the Latter Day Church of Kurt the Saviour is the biggest religion on earth. Take a deep breath everyone, this is a very good album but it does not hold the key to the mysteries of the universe. - B

99
It's Only Right and Natural
The Frogs



"OHHHHHhohoh, Dykes are we, living in ecstasy" Two brothers pretend that they're in a gay incestuous relationship. They write an album on a "gay theme" even though neither is a fag. The result is a masterpiece of absurdity. Southpark wishes it was this wierd. - B

98
B52s
B52s



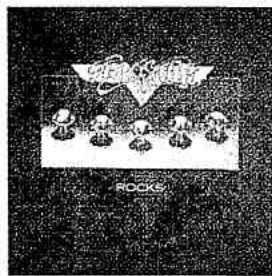
The B52s sent cheeseball new wave camp right to the edge of quality. Teetering dangerously close to the brink of out-and-out badness the thing that saved them was their brilliant sense of humour and a transcendent ability to rock the frat house party. - B

97
Bee Thousand
Guided By Voices



My preferred choice for this list was, predictably, Alien Lanes. I have however been forced to bow to the Guided By Voices expert and Spanish punk rock superstar David Penberthy. And with tracks like "Tractor Rape Chain" I think I'm inclined to agree with him. - B

96
Rocks
Aerosmith



The album that music critics like to point to as the best of Aerosmith because it makes them look like they're not snobs. The irony of course is that they simply end up looking like snobs who'd rather make a token gesture than stand up with the courage of their imperialist convictions. That said this album still kicks arse and defies an attempt to categorise them as a Stones cover band. - B

95
Nashville Skyline
Bob Dylan



All the Bob purists can fuck off — I always knew he was a country boy at heart. It's not clever, it's not poetic, it's not visionary... and thank god for that. Bob (with help from Johnny Cash) lightens up, has a drink and a smile, and goes all acoustic and twangy. - P

94
Blood and Chocolate
Elvis Costello



Critics struggle to find an entire album by the "other King" in an enormously prolific but uneven career. This is not his catchiest but it is his most consistent and, the closer you listen, his most complex. "Tokyo Storm Warning" is the song that sums up the global generation. - B

93
Parade
Prince



Often dismissed as a "great near miss" or a "compendium to Sign O The Times" this album is actually a Prince masterpiece. Like a compacted double album this gem spreads across genres with astonishing ease and masters each one. Besides, for "Kiss" alone this deserves to be here. - B

92
Rumours
Fleetwood Mac



The ultimate soft rock band. Universally despised for years. The reason punk was invented. You're telling lies, sweet little lies! There's a Fleetwood Mac revival in the air, has been for some time. Be the first kid on the block to buy the T-shirt. - B

91
Superfuzz Bigmuff (& Early Singles)
Mudhoney

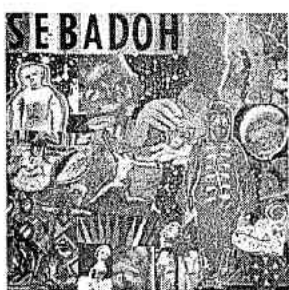


Often overlooked in favour of their more dour grunge cousins Mudhoney are simply super in *Woroni's* book. "Touch Me I'm Sick" beats every whiny bit of bullshit song about child abuse Pearl Jam ever produced in the space of one track. - B

90

Smash Your Head on the Punk Rock

Sebadoh



Generally unrepresentative of Lou Barlow's later efforts this is still my favourite. The All Music Guide says the production is bad — well derrr, that'd be the point retards. Any album that can do a cover of Everybody's Been Burned that surpasses the original is a masterpiece in my books. - B

89

Radio Ethiopia

Patti Smith



Still disliked by older critics this album is the darling of the indi revisionists. I still don't, however, think that it's Patti's best but it is undoubtedly worthy of a place in the pantheon where Patti reigns as chick goddess supreme. - B

88

Pontiac

Lyle Lovett



The media scoffed at Julia Roberts when she married Lyle. They really should've asked why Lyle would stoop so low to marry someone whose only talent is her big lips. Oh well, at least the marriage gave exposure to his music. To her credit, with a face like his she probably didn't marry him for his looks. - M

87

The Slider

T-Rex



Who needs TV when you've got T-Rex? Well, Bowie doesn't. Parents should take Bowie's advice, bugger the V-Chips just give the kiddies copies of The Slider and let them boogie to the best glam rock record of the 70's. - M

86

Every Picture Tells a Story

Rod Stewart

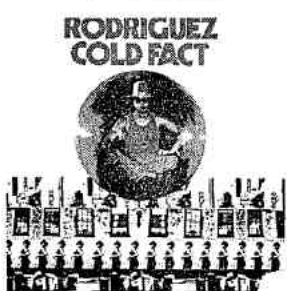


Before the leopard skin clad prince of Rock donned on a red sun visor and started producing crap albums, he was cool. This album stands as testimony to this. It harbours his first big hit "Maggie May", about losing his virginity in a tent at a music festival. Where is Maggie now? According to Rod probably a 'sad old slag'. Ahhhh, the wordsmith that is Rod Stewart, "...you laughed at all of my jokes, my love you didn't need to coax..." - C

85

Cold Fact

Rodriguez



Outside of Nimbin and South Africa Rodriguez is a complete unknown. Just like The New York Dolls he did two albums and then shot straight back into obscurity. Which is just as well, 'coz judging by his last album had he hung around he'd probably be as sad a folk relic as Donovan. But this first album is great ANGRY folk music, in a song such as "This is not a song, it's an outburst" Rodriguez makes even Dylan sound merely irritated. - M

84

Body Count

Body Count



This is probably the only 90's rock record that's already a collectable, it now fetches 50 bucks at Rent-a-Disc, mainly because of "Cop Killa". But Ice-T is more than just a cop-kill, he's the only guy who's managed to record a perfect symbiosis between rap and metal. Fuck Anthrax and Public Enemy, Ice-T and a bunch of faceless niggaz do it much better. - M

83

British Steel

Judas Priest

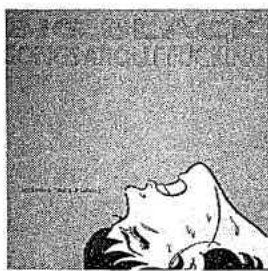


There's a lot of gay icons in pop/rock, Freddie, Elton, George, et al. But there's only one in Metal: Rob Halford (Vocalizin' 'N' Socializin'). For years I've racked my brains trying to decipher the meaning of such classics as "Living After Midnight" and "Breaking The Law". Then Rob came out. For me it was a bigger news than Ellen. I now know what "Breaking The Law" is all about. - M

82

Songs About Fucking

Big Black



Steve Albini hates indi rock. He also hates commercial music. In fact, come to think of it, Steve hates you. Indeed Steve Albini hates the whole world and everything in it. This is the closest thing you'll ever hear to hell on a record - the soundtrack to the Port Arthur massacre. - B

81

Bricks Are Heavy

L7



When I saw Live at the Alternative Nation they threatened to quit because the crowd were throwing mud at them. L7 played next and instead of threatening to quit they were wearing placards around their necks which said "Throw mud at us!" See, these chicks have balls, or as they themselves put it: they've got clits. - M

80

Fear of Music

Talking Heads



Consistently ignored this album is probably the best example of New

Wave art rock ever. Problem is that it suffers from a classic case of "context syndrome": ie it is forever being seen in the context of Remain in Light and the assumption is therefore "not as good". Rubbish. I know David Byrne can be a total wanker but on this album he keeps his impulses under enough control to allow for classic pieces of musical neurosis such as Drugs, Electric Guitars, City and Life During Wartime. This album deserves better. - B

79

Sound As Ever

You Am I



Rogers and co. finally let melody get the better of them, get haircuts, and become the best band in Australia. I've always thought there are a few songs on "Sound As Ever" which are better than "Berlin Chair" ("Adam's Ribs", "Jaimme's...", "Trainspottin'"), and that makes for a damn fine record indeed. - P

78

Parallel Lines

Blondie



Not quite as good as the new wave hype would have it this album is nonetheless worthy of its perennial favorite status. Being the new wave album that embraced disco may not seem revolutionary now but to the CBGBs crew Gloria Gaynor was about as popular as a hot poker on the genitals. Good shit. - B

77

Like a Prayer

Madonna

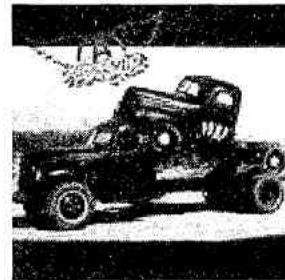


Often unfairly tagged as a singles girl Madonna's album tracks often, if erratically, show a surprising amount of depth. This is fortunately the one that proves it. - B

76

Pump

Aerosmith



The range of Pump - from the sublime to the ridiculous - is beyond that of all other Aerosmith albums. - B

75

The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan

Bob Dylan

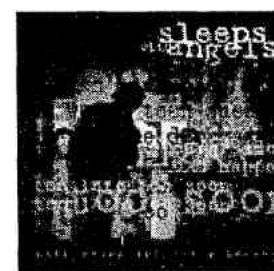


That's Bob on the cover, with hands thrust deep in pockets, walking down a snowy street. Anti-war, anti-establishment protest Bob. Young Bob, getting a girlfriend, and then writing my very favourite Dylan song, "Don't think twice, it's alright" for her. One bloke and an acoustic guitar, changing pop for ever. - P

74

Sleeps With Angels

Neil Young



The title track is the best song Nirvana never wrote. Only Neil could get away with the same backing track on two different songs. "Western Hero" and "Train of Love". This only gets in ahead of Zuma, Rust Never Sleeps, After the Goldrush, Old Ways, Freedom and Ragged Glory because it has a great video - The Complex Sessions. - M

73

Back in Black

AC/DC



Too often this album is critically justified in terms of being some sort of dead head metal equivalent to the Ramones. Music critics generally have a hard time admitting they like something quite so tasteless. *Woroni* however has absolutely no problem in declaring this a hard rock masterpiece in any era. - B

72

Unit

Regurgitator



When toss-pot critics start blathering about post modernism in music they invariably turn to the clever-clever antics of Brit trip-hop or the cut and paste of rap, "Hey man, modern life's a wasteland and I'm just pickin' up the pieces" - whatever. Unit is also a post modern album. It's just a lot more fun and better written than every woefully self-conscious Portishead in the world. - B

71

To bring you my love

PJ Harvey



This album is a superb blend of rock theatricality in the vein of Nick Cave and superlative song writing in the vein of PG Harvey. Unlike His Pretentiousness PJ never lets her style overshadow her substance (face it, if the Ship Song had been written by Jewel no one would have noticed) and it has her spare aesthetic combined with some breathtaking electronic production that almost makes this her best work (see no.25). - B

70

Radio City

Big Star



This guitar pop classic deserves its masterpiece status every bit as much as the Third Album. Unavailable as an individual album you now have to buy it as a double with their first album #1 Record but that doesn't stop it from being better than the first effort. Every Teenage Fanclub, every You Am I in fact just about half the bands in Australia today owe this album a career. - B

69

Reign In Blood

Slayer

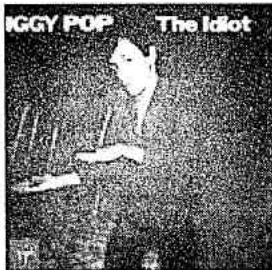


For true Slayer fans, Metallica is for pussies. And they're right. Metallica might've been sued for inciting suicidal behavior, but everyone's been through that. With "Angel of Death" Slayer became the first and only rock band ever to be accused of promoting anti-Semitic sentiments. Now, that's real metal. - M

68

The Idiot

Iggy Pop



Strangely, Lust For Life is the Iggy Pop album of choice for the discerning critic; I can't figure out why considering they're some very snooze-inducing moments on it. The Idiot however is about as boring as being tied up by a sadistic Nazi and having your fingers cut off one by one. Just about no other album depicts so well the collapsed, neurotic pile of nerves that the drug-fuelled 60s fell into in the mid 70s. A terrifying experience. - B

67

1984

Van Halen



"Jump" was the perfect soundtrack for Diamond Dave's life. Later on he recorded more autobiographical songs such as "California Girls" and "Just like Paradise", but while he was in Van Halen "Jump" was it. For this song alone "1984" deserves to be in the top 100 list, the fact that it contains the ode to adolescent sexual fantasies ("Hot For Teacher") makes it absolutely essential. - M

66

Younger than Yesterday

The Byrds



The preferred hippy dribble of the intelligent critic this album actually has backward talking alien voices. Can't you tell with that trippy cover? It also happens to have several pop masterpieces. Admirable. - B

65

Velvet Underground

The Velvet Underground and Nico



I'll not forgive Lou Reed's appalling ego. I'll not forgive his shitty guitar solos that he keeps turning up in order to drown out everything else. What I love about this album is Mo Tucker. Mamma Mo, drumming away, getting no credit and holding the whole bloody thing together. Right on sister. - B



(supplementary number)

The Number Of The Beast

Iron Maiden



These guys might have been the inspiration behind Spinal Tap, but being the object of parody does not equate to being bad. This is the best album of the so-called "New Wave of British Heavy Metal" era, and it certainly kicks ass harder than a lot of other New Wave albums of the non-metal variety. And since they kicked out one of their members because he listened to The Eagles one can say that the Maidens have something that most other bands don't: integrity. - M

64

Thriller

Michael Jackson



I used to hold a prejudice against this album because of the Paul McCartney duet "The Girl is Mine". But one day I experienced a Damascus-like conversion during which I realised that the silliest song ever written sung by the two most famous virgins in the world had to be the greatest bit of camp ever recorded! Superb. - B

63

Forever Changes

Love



Has there ever been a group that has attracted so much rock critic/aged hippy hyperbolic rambling? I think not. The important thing to remember about Love however is the bitter sense of irony shielded by their hippy facade. I guess if they'd called themselves Velvet Underground they may have actually spawned the biggest cult following of all time, rather than the second biggest. - B

62

Alive

Kiss

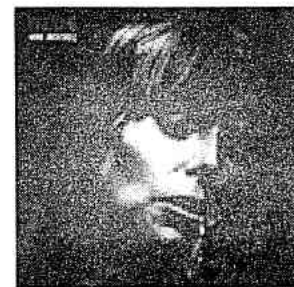


Gene Simmons told his son "Don't eat broccoli, eat pussy". If you think Heavy Metal is about head banging well Gene will tell you in Alive that all they knew about was gang banging. We were made for loving you. - C

60

Blue

Joni Mitchell



You have never cried over love until you have cried over "Blue". Guaranteed fanny magnet. - C

59

Low

David Bowie

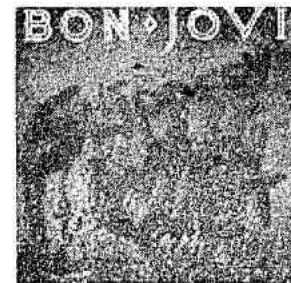


The best pop synthesis of Kraut rock ever made this album still surprises. A truly bizarre blend of 60s art rock, pure pop and Kurt Weil. "Be My Wife" is simultaneously one of the best and strangest songs of the 70s. - B

58

Slippery When Wet

Bon Jovi



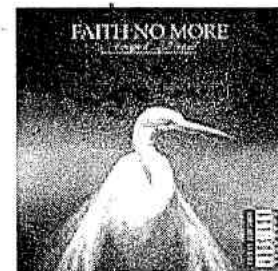
Some Bon Jovi purists are demanding that New Jersey is the album with a rightful claim to poll position. I'll stand

by Livin' on a Prayer as the first witness in a glam rock defence. - B

57

Angel Dust

Faith No More



The Real Thing is a cracker of an album but Angel Dust is where Faith No More have pulled out all the stops. It's one of the advantages of Big Time fame that you can trick record companies into distributing albums as bizarre as this. - B

56

Freak Out

Frank Zappa

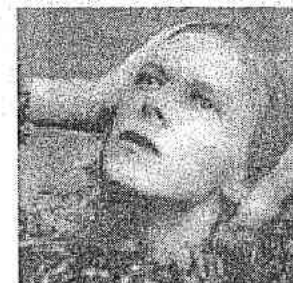


This opening salvo in Zappa's long-running battle against "hippie freaks" was the first concept album ever. Thanks to this we now have Sgt. Pepper but unfortunately it's also thanks to this that we have Dark Side of The Moon. In hindsight it is not even that conceptual, standard 60s rock on side A and standard Zappa weird shit on side B. - M

55

Hunky Dory

David Bowie



Not a terribly representative album for Bowie but a pearler nonetheless. Bowie's greatest period is the late 70s and early 80s, unfortunately this time was singles city and it breaks my heart that the album Heroes is no where near the quality of the single. This one however has enough apocalyptic vision and try-hard bisexuality to make it a Bowie classic. - B

54

The Runaways

The Runaways



So let me get this straight... The Ramones put out an album the same

year and it's hailed as a revolution. The Runaways release one that not only blows it out of the water but features a film clip of the sexiest nubile in rock playing in their underwear and they're left with nothing but a cult following in Japan? There is no justice in the world. - B

53

Are You Experienced

Jimi Hendrix

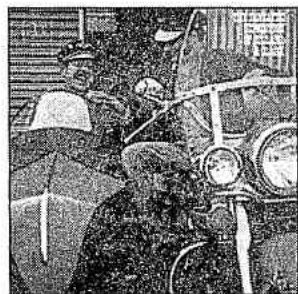


The most underrated of Jimi's work. I stand by my opinion that Jimi was better when his guitar noodles were still less complex and less curly and less overblown than his afro. - M

52

The Fantastic Expedition of Dillard and Clark

Doug Dillard and Gene Clark



Criminally underrated this album is one of the crowning achievements of the 60s. A perfect synthesis of country and pop this worked better than Sweetheart of the Rodeo. - B

51

Gilded Palace of Sin

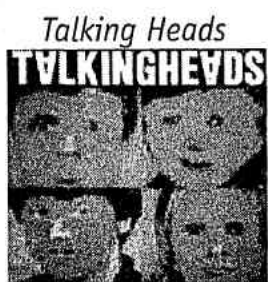
The Flying Burrito Brothers



Ah Gram... the darling boy of country rock, the good-lookin' rich kid who everyone used to love just because he had a trust fund to spoil his hangers-on, the tragic heroine hero who OD'ed with two chicks sucking his dick and showing ice cubes up his ass trying to revive him... has he actually done anything good? Well, yes. This album is it. If you doubt its lasting influence check out the Old El Paso Burrito ads on telly. - M

50

Remain in Light



The album that predicted Techno, Trance, World and gave us "Once in a Lifetime". "Polyrhythmic" is the grating cliché used most often to describe this album textured feel but it's one that's hard to avoid. - B

49

Tonight's the Night

Neil Young

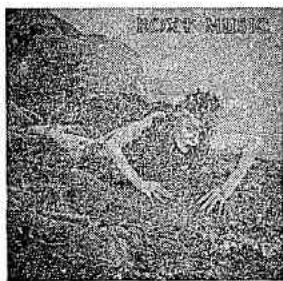


Just pips his two other great down in the ditch LPs, On the Beach and Times Fade Away. This is darkness with real humour. 2am music for morning noon and night, just don't take too many valiums.

48

Siren

Roxy Music



Many Roxy fans prefer the earlier "blip crackle pop" stuff but this is their best in my book. Siren is an album fueled by a Felliniesque debauchery; the hollow thrills of sleazy discos, coke and horrid anonymous sex. Coated in ice this album is not punk, not glam, not rock but not disco. Roxy are the band Pulp dream of being. - B

47

Mercury

American Music Club



In a few years people may well be placing three albums by these guys on their lists but Mercury will do for now. Mark Eisel is an inveterate wanker but his lyrics are still the best and the arrangements of these tunes give Dusty Springfield a nasty twist. - B

46

Surfer Rosa

Pixies

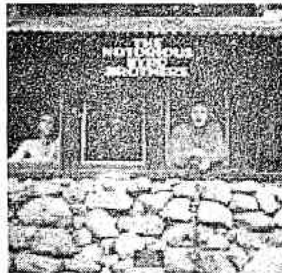


At first listening this album sounds rather amateurish... it continues to do so on subsequent hearings. What makes it break through is its totally warped take on punk/pop mostly fuelled by the bizarre Black Francis and the fabulous Kim Deal. Steve Albini hated it (naturally) but if there was a wierd-off between Steve and the fat guy who thinks he's been abducted by Aliens and wears his pyjamas to work, Frank would win - and this album proves it. - B

45

Notorious Byrd Brothers

The Byrds



Despite what Mojo scribes say, Gram Parsons wasn't the only country boy in the Byrds. Without Chris Hillman (bass) Gram wouldn't have even been invited to join the Byrds. Hillman's influence makes this album a perfect smorgasbord of country, psychedelic and raga rock. It is also a testimony of how underrated the Byrds were as pioneer of the psychedelic movement. One track that they discarded from this session ("Triad") ended up as a Jefferson Airplane hit. - M

44

I'm Stranded

The Saints

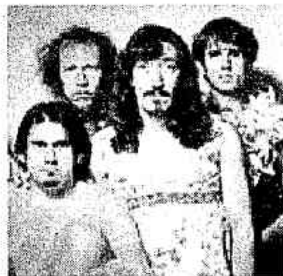


Another case of the context blues the Saints don't have the reputation they deserve because they resolutely refused easy categorisation. Famous for being heckled for their long hair at shows in London the Saints actually had few things in common with punk. In a track like "Messin' With the Kid" they display a uniquely Australian pub rock sensibility that can be heard today in the likes of You Am I and Crow. - B

43

We're In It For The Money

Frank Zappa



A piss-take of Sgt. Pepper without the pomposity but with all the inventiveness and with more of Zappa's anti-hippie sense of humour, We're In It For The Money is concept album at its best, better than the album it parodies. - M

42

Blonde on Blonde

Bob Dylan



Only Dylan in 1966 could make pop's first double album in four sessions, and have it be this amazing. With most of The Band behind him, this is wordy but never wanky, taut yet beautiful, bluesy and majestic. Bob himself calls this the "closest I ever got to the sound I hear in my mind". Complexity and intelligence need not kill rock. - P

41

Exile in Guyville

Liz Phair



Despised by feminists for producing an album of 18 songs entirely devoted to Liz's need for a man, it would do the politically correct good to remember that post-structuralism never moved anyone in the same way this album can. - B

40

Prince

Purple Rain



Why does this album suffer from a complete lack of credibility? It could have something to do with the fact that it sold 30 zillion copies or because his Purpleness revels in an image that went into hibernation around the same time CC Deville bought his first leather jock strap. Whatever the case this is the best collection of pop/funk tunes since Sly and the Family Stone and deserves more than the bargain bin treatment it has thus far received. - B

39

Modern Lovers

Modern Lovers

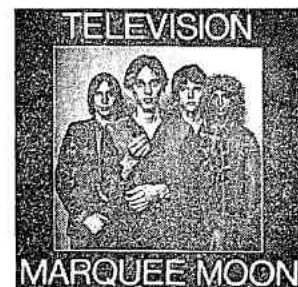


Jonathan Richman could safely be regarded as the godfather of Lo-Fi. Silly little categories like "proto-punk" (or lo-fi for that matter) however inflict a grave disservice upon this album. Fuck punk (ohh, how punk), The Modern Lovers were never anything of the sort and the continual desire to place this record within that lineage only serves to create an awkward situation where previously there wasn't one. - B

38

Marquee Moon

Television



Combining neo-psychedelia with punk minimalism and prog rock length, Marquee Moon became famous as the uncategorisable album. Being difficult to pin down of course is not an end in itself of course so its a relief to know that these songs are as spiraling perfect and sparsely beautiful as strands of DNA. - B

37

Born in the USA

Bruce Springsteen

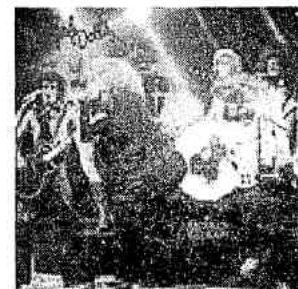


As soon as the E-Street fans have finished wanking over Bruce's early albums, we can all enjoy the white trash anthems of "Born in the USA". Reputedly Reagan wanted to use the song "Born in the USA" in his campaign until someone informed him that it wasn't actually patriotic. This tribute to Vietnam vets is the USA's equivalent to Cold Chisel's "Khe Sanh". - C

36

Too Much Too Soon

New York Dolls



Music journo's who put the first New York Dolls as a token homage to the band would never be convinced that the Dolls' second album is actually better than their first one. In fact they'd probably never be convinced that anything other than the very first recording of any artist is any good. Well, they're wrong. Unfortunately, though, producing two consecutive great albums did take its toll. The Dolls never produced anything else after this, or as they put it so prophetically it was a case of too much, too soon. - M

35

Horses

Patti Smith



Seen in the context of punk this album can actually be quite disappointing, but seen in the context of Patti's career it all makes perfect sense. Horses is much more self-consciously artsy than most of its contemporaries. Land of a Thousand Dances in the middle of a punk drive? The whole thing is eccentricly brilliant. - B

34

Washing Machine

Sonic Youth



Daydream Nation...Schmaydream Schnation. If you're looking for the ultimate distillation of Sonic Youth's art-noise-rock formula then look no further. This is single malt Sonic Youth. - M

33

Stand

Sly and the Family Stone



I've never been quite able to see how "Sex Machine" is anything other than a rather dull jam, but I'll forgive its shortcomings in the face of seven other of the most sublime tunes ever written. Listening to Everyday People is the aural equivalent of giving birth. - B

32

Again

Buffalo Springfield



Even though this album hasn't got "For what It's Worth" it's practically "The Best Of" The Buffaloes. If you doubt me ask Neil Young, he put four songs from this album in his own "Best Of". - M

31

Spiderland

Slint



Like Marquee Moon this is one of those rare great albums that truly defies categorisation. "Lo Fi Death Metal" is the closest I can come to bracketing this truly bizarre but sweepingly brilliant album. From a highly minimal means the songs grow into broad Wagnerian vistas that combine the sparseness of Sonic Youth with the Romantic bent of Echo and the Bunnymen. - B

30

Tapestry

Carole King



Forever tarred by the brush of "easy listening" Carole King has been long neglected as a queen of pop. Rock critics have never been quite able to tell us what exactly is wrong with songs that are easy to listen to but the blind indifference to the master craftsmanship of Tapestry is a situation that can no longer be tolerated. - B

29

Autobahn

Kraftwerk



Ahhh, such a predictable choice — and so easy to make fun of. The problem with making fun of Kraftwerk however is the fact that they had a brilliant sense of humour, and not just that but a brilliant pop sensibility to boot. Seeing Autobahn as a slab of Teutonic gloom is less enlightening than viewing it as a 20 minute keyboard version of "God Only Knows". Whatever the case they were better than Can and we needed some Kraut Rock. - B

28

Live Through This

Hole



Better than Nevermind... actually,

come to think of it, suspiciously similar. I think that Celebrity Skin only goes to prove that there was probably a great deal of Cobain influence on this masterpiece. But so what, it's still bloody good. - B

27

Exile on Main Street

The Rolling Stones



The Stones album for smarty pantsers. This is the album where the Stones stopped making Blues that sounded white and country that sounded English. - B

26

Born to Run

Bruce Springsteen

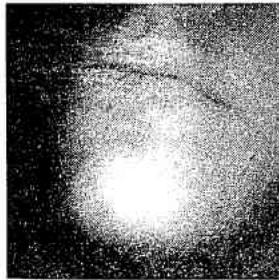


Robert De Niro meets Roy Orbison. This made Springsteen more famous than his art needed, but it's still the ultimate rock 'n roll album. Springsteen was always a better live act but some of the cuts on this masterpiece have yet to be matched on stage. - G

25

Dry

PJ Harvey



It's always a bit dodgy to say that someone's first album was their best because it implies that it was all down hill from there. This is not the case with PJ but this remains her best. Even through crap production this album sounds fresh and provided many a chick anthem. PJ now faces the danger of becoming the new token chick, as was Janis Joplin in her day. Unlike Joplin however, who was a great performer but whose albums were melodramatic cliché, PJ writes songs like a motherfucker. - B

24

Chaos A.D.

Sepultura



If America had Dylan's "The Times They Are A'Changin'" as the rallying cry for revolution, Brazil and other third world countries blessed with dictatorial regimes had Chaos A.D. "Chaos A.D....tanks on the street....confronting police...what is this shit?!" Yes, you said it all Max Cavalera. To us your single line oratory style is much more inspiring than anything Fidel has ever produced. - M

23

Check Your Head

Beastie Boys



Paul's Boutique was the stylistic breakthrough, but style counts for two things in my book — jack and shit. Check Your Head was the real breakthrough. The samples were a natural part of the music, they didn't stick out like a dick as they had in the previous effort. Not only that but they actually played their instruments and successfully displayed virtuosity in a dizzying array of styles. To top it all off they keep getting better. - B

22

London Calling

The Clash

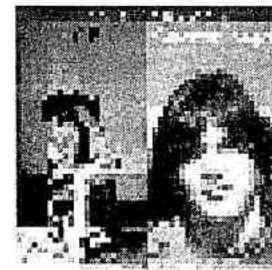


The Clash at their very best — all roughed up but still glorious. They do pop, they do rockabilly, they do reggae, they do everything in between. They swing, scuffle and have a hell of a time doing it. And they're The Clash for chrissake, punks who cared, who struggled, and who, with this album, came closest to winning. - P

21

Grievous Angel

Gram Parsons



Gram can't be held responsible for the fact that every little trendy indie band thinks they've read his mind (go to hell Evan Dando). Neither can he be held responsible for the misnomer perpetuated by stupid city folk that this a "Country" album. What he can be held responsible for is the utter perfection of the 11 tunes on this album. For that I'll even forgive the "live" tracks. - B

20

Hi Fi Way

You Am I



An oldie friend of mine rolled his eyes upon hearing the near beatific accolades poured upon this album and said, "They've obviously got a copy of The Who Live at Leeds." Yes, indeed they do. What they've done in spite of this is roundly beat The Who at their own game to produce the best power pop album ever. - B

19

Liberty Belle and the Black Diamond Express

Go Between

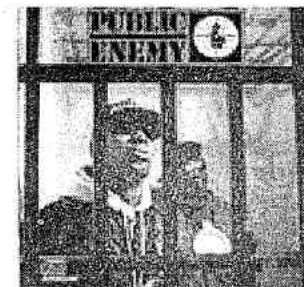


Admittedly the Go Between are guilty of some truly great feats of pretension, but I'll stand by this album as not only unpretentious but as the greatest alterna-pop album ever. This easily beats the best efforts of REM, The Smiths and every other pretender to the Art Pop throne. - B

18

It Takes a Nation of Millions To Hold Us Back

Public Enemy

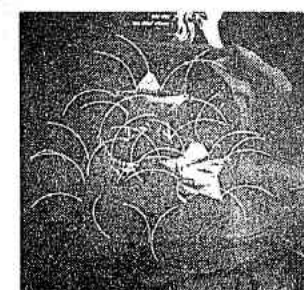


This is the traditional rap chart topper but for my money Fear of a Black Planet tops it. But when you're confronted with two albums this good you might as well be arguing if the glass is half full or half empty. Power with muchos brains. - B

17

Sister Lovers/The Third Album

Big Star

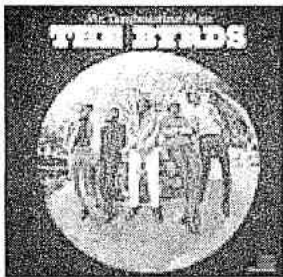


It's astonishing to think that this album was more or less Big Star's Let it Be. Despite being a hammering together of some left over tapes and never-released sessions this album is not only Big Star's best work but a masterpiece of guitar music. The general feeling of this recording is horribly entropic - a creeping progression from boppin' guitar rock (including a Christmas song!) down a slow spiral to the nihilism of "Kangaroo" and "Holocaust". - B

16

Mr. Tambourine Man

The Byrds

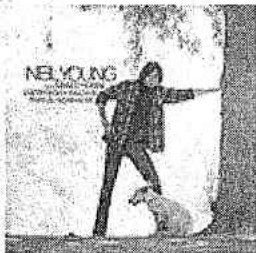


The best of Gene Clark era Byrds album is also the first power pop album ever. Thanks to an unreleased Dylan number and a host of backing musicians the Byrds became the only American band to rival the Beatles. This album is the prototype to Big Star's Radio City, Teenage Fanclub's Grand Prix and many others. - M

15

Everybody Knows That This is Nowhere

Neil Young



The only artists to produce five star albums in each of the last four decades. This, his first classic, must rate as the only 60s album with tortured guitar solos that still bare listening almost thirty years later. - G

14

Hysteria

Def Leopard



The only band in the world to have suffered a critical death by hairspray there have been few albums as mis-served by an unfashionable image as this one. Forget for a moment what spandex and lipstick in rock ever represented and listen to the substance of this album. You'd have to agree that these songs are as well, if not much better written than any of those by the trendier bands that replaced the mega-selling Hair Metal phenomenon. - B

13

Odelay

Beck



A new type of music has been created by Beck. Not funk, dance, country or folk, in this album he takes the Beastie Boys and puts them out stud with Woody Guthrie whilst raising their offspring on a diet of salsa and glam metal. - B

12

Easter

Patti Smith



Patti usually gets a gong for Horses because it was her first and she's a good token chick. She deserves much more. In its scope and beauty Easter is her finest moment and jostles with the best of Neil Young, The Stones and Springsteen. The problem with this album is that it defies categorisation and when critics can't contextualise they freak and assume it can't be any good. For any album including "Rock and Roll Nigger" and "Privelege" nothing could be further from the truth. - B

11

Pet Sounds

The Beach Boys



One of the few albums of the 60s that lives up to the hype. "For just a moment they were ahead of the Beatles" intoned MOJO. For just a moment? Ahead? I don't know about "ahead" but I know that they were better. - B

10

Let it Bleed

Rolling Stones



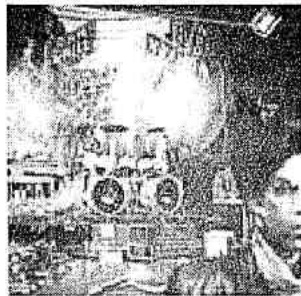
Say what you will about how great Exile on Main Street, this is still my favorite Stones album. I'm sorry, but Gimme Shelter is probably the best

opening to any album ever, and "You Can't Always Get What You Want" is the best close. Say whatever you want about the bits in between. - B

9

Sign O the Times

Prince



"Sprawling" is an adjective commonly used to describe Prince's masterpiece, and I guess that's fair if you mean that it sprawls in the way the continent of North America does. Prince creates an epic picture ranging from his typically bizarre visions of a hyper-sexual Jesus to "The Ballad of Dorothy Parker". What the fuck? But it works. - B

8

Revolver

The Beatles



Yeah, yeah this album is very good and invented modern pop and all, but what a pity they allowed George to write all those shit boring songs on the white album. - B

7

What's Going On?

Marvin Gaye



Repetition is the key to this album's unity. One suspiciously similar riff bounces along in minor variation through this remarkable album. Meanwhile Marvin's glorious voice floats over the top like deck chairs at the site of a shipwreck. "Save the babies!" Yeah... um, OK Marvin. - B

6

Slanted and Enchanted

Pavement



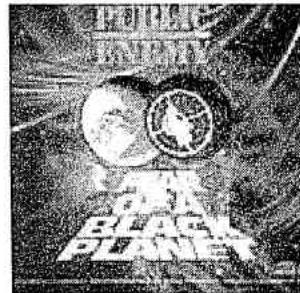
Whilst this album is the undisputed favourite of all egg head music critics it still must be admitted that this a phenomenal achievement. Combining Sonic Youth, The Fall and the Euro sounds of

Neu et al, Pavement produced an album ineffable in its beauty. Layers of fuzzy guitars, slappy drums and strange electronic bleeps on a keyboard give this album a texture that wraps skin-like around the remarkable song structures. The tunes don't directly relate to one another but the consistency of the production lends this album a symphonic unity of sound that recalls What's Going On. - B

5

Fear of a Black Planet

Public Enemy

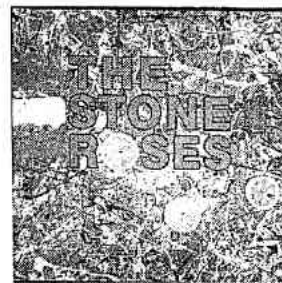


"Fear baby, fear", growled Chuck D and most of America obliged. Funny thing is that it's hard to see what the big controversy about this album was when it first came out amidst the lingering hula-baloo created by It takes a Nation (etc). Most not being black or overly oppressed I guess all that Australians can see now is simply the greatest rap album ever. - B

4

The Stone Roses

The Stone Roses



The greatest one act band of all time produced what is probably the best album of the 80s (even though it only just sneaks in the back door of that decade). Combining a myriad of influences The Stone Roses produced a sound impossible to copy. All wrapped up in John Leckie's Euro-art production this album will stand the test of time even though the band themselves haven't. - B

3

Appetite For Destruction

Guns 'N' Roses

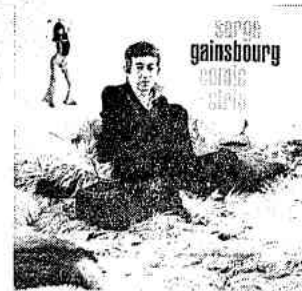


People always talk about Keith & Brian Jones, Clapton & Beck, but what about Izzy & Slash? In Appetite the latter duo traded guitar licks faster than bootleggers traded tapes of Axl having sex in a recording booth (some captured in "Rocket Queen"). And with Axl possessing more octaves than Whitney Houston and, in true Whitney style put them all to use, Appetite stands as the Glam Metal record to have in your indie closet. - M

2

Comic Strip

Serge Gainsbourg



It's time that Serge stopped being "Serge who?" and took his rightful place amongst the all-time greats. The fact that Serge was French, sang in French and had a face like a pimple on Satan's arse has not helped his career in the English Speaking world, but his jaw-dropping semi-compliment is an astonishing feat in anyone's language. You have to pinch yourself to remember that the trip-hop beats of "Requiem Pour Un Cunt" or the minimalism of Bonnie and Clyde were written in 1967. Every Massive Attack, every Sonic Youth in fact every indie rocker or alternative dance act ever owes a debt to Serge — whether they know it or not. - B

1

In Utero

Nirvana



Why In Utero at number one? Well why Pet Sounds? In twenty years people will look at this, roll their eyes and exclaim, "Ohmigod, what a total 90s cliché.", and indeed, I admit it; Kurt Cobain, the man whose lyrics can sound like the worst of "woe is me", Oprah-generation, group therapy mawpishness. So what could bring me to stand by this album as the greatest rock record ever? Is it because quality is relative and whatever you put at number one is going to outrage many and please few? No. I argue this record at the top spot because in the space of an album Nirvana swallow the entire history of Rock and Roll and regurgitate it. Not in any clever-clever fashion mind you, but in a way that shows a complete understanding of the history of rock as well as an eye for its end (the fin de seicle bullshit flows in Nirvana's presence so I won't go too far).

Albini's "recorded in a barn" production gives this album a ferocity that is visceral and solid but simultaneously permeable and ephemeral - the whole thing is artfully artless. The themes of this album are 90s cliché par excellence and the lyrics have a similar "idiot savant" quality to the sound, but it's impossible to deny their heartfelnness. This album is sloppy and anarchic but has a unity within the chaos, a familiar sound that travels throughout from the fantastic opening chords of Serve The Servants to the bittersweet close of All Apologies. This album is beautiful and horrible all at once - like jumping off a cliff.

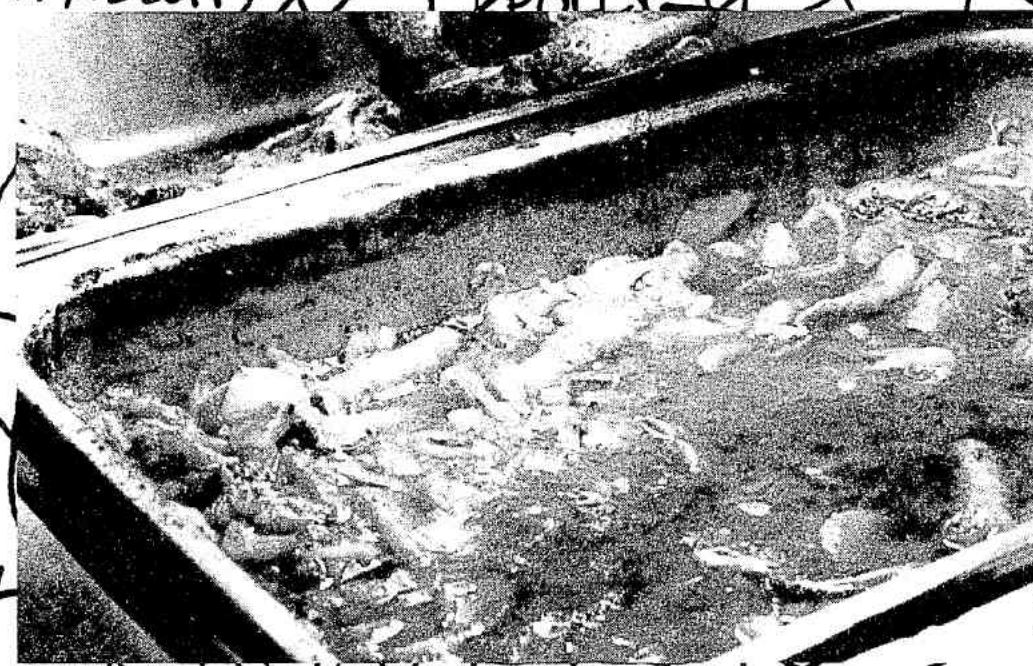
Acton 90210

Ever been to one of those amazingly feral student group houses, and thought, shit, this is fucking disgusting. Well, multiply that by a couple of hundred, and that is what living in a college is like. Bare bottoms, feral pooey stuff, no-idea first years, social fucking, disgusting toilets... get the drift. Being a student who spends far too much time on campus, either in the bar, library or Woroni office, the idea of living here and coping with the above is just too scary. Holy shit, 24 hours, 7 days a week spent on ANU territory. It is no wonder that college life is so very dodgy. So, come with Daniel Landon and Michael Cook (two very proud non-collegeites) and Kianna Lafferty (an unrepentant Johns girl) as they take you on this photographic nightmare to expose the seemy side of life on campus.



(left) Spectacular vomiting is of course a favourite pastime of College Life. The best way to go about it is to either stumble outside someone's window and make very loud noises at five in the morning or, preferably, spray every square inch of the bathroom except the toilet bowl.

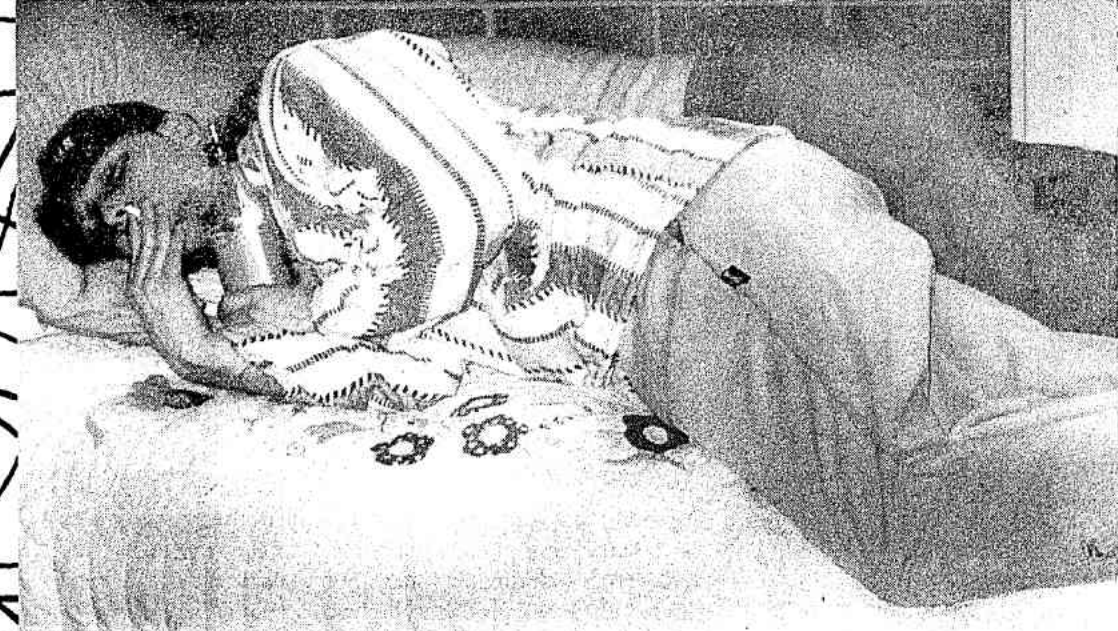
(above) The competition for a unique door decoration on campus is fierce. Whilst this is pretty ordinary, at least it isn't as bad as some of the craftier efforts - eg. dried leaves and gumnuts spraypainted gold and spelling "Jason".



(above) The chef who cooked this load of rotting Bruce Hall pasta was spotted by Woroni picking his nose, no joke. This "food", which has in no way been altered by us to increase its feral appearance perfectly illustrates one of the cruellest ironies of college life; being, that the most expensive colleges are those that are catered. Warning: for hopeless little private school girls only.

(below) Like a group of post nuclear holocaust survivors, people in colleges tend to root one another like they're trying to regenerate the species. The laundry is a popular site for a spot a privacy away from the thin walls of B&G. Remember the stains on your underwear may not be yours

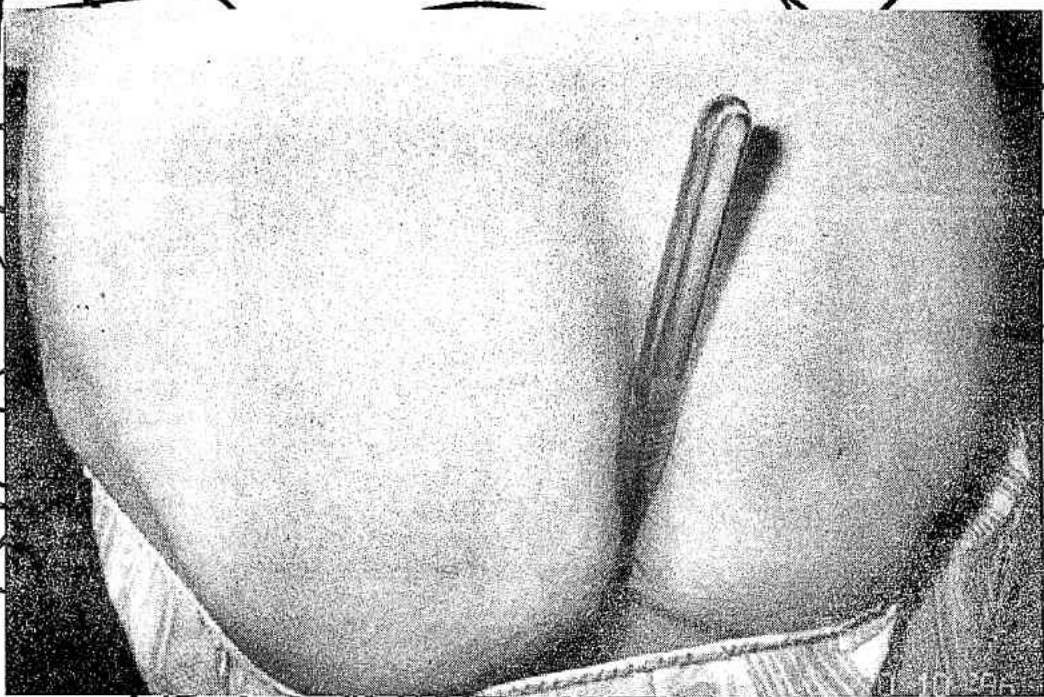
(below) The trials faced by a smoker in a college are roughly on a par with those faced by the sinners in Dante's 7th circle of hell. Show me a smoker in a college and I'll show you someone about to move into a group house in O'Connor.



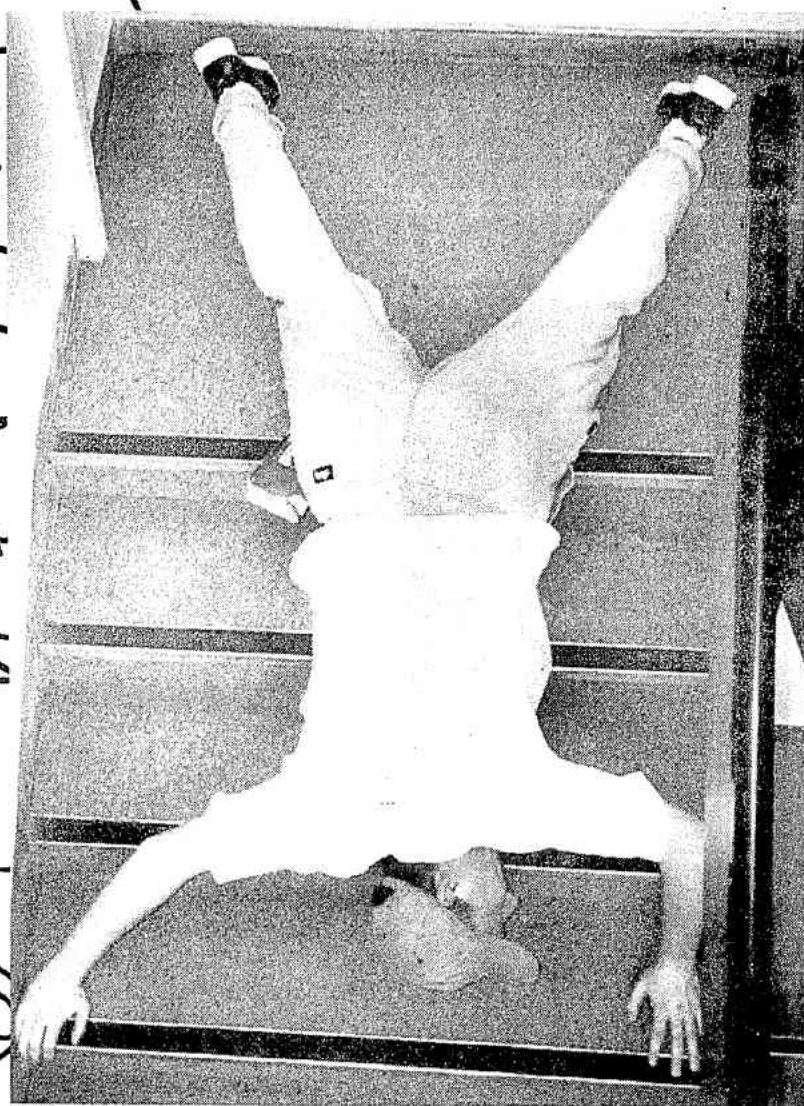
TARA

LIZ O'G

PETE D.

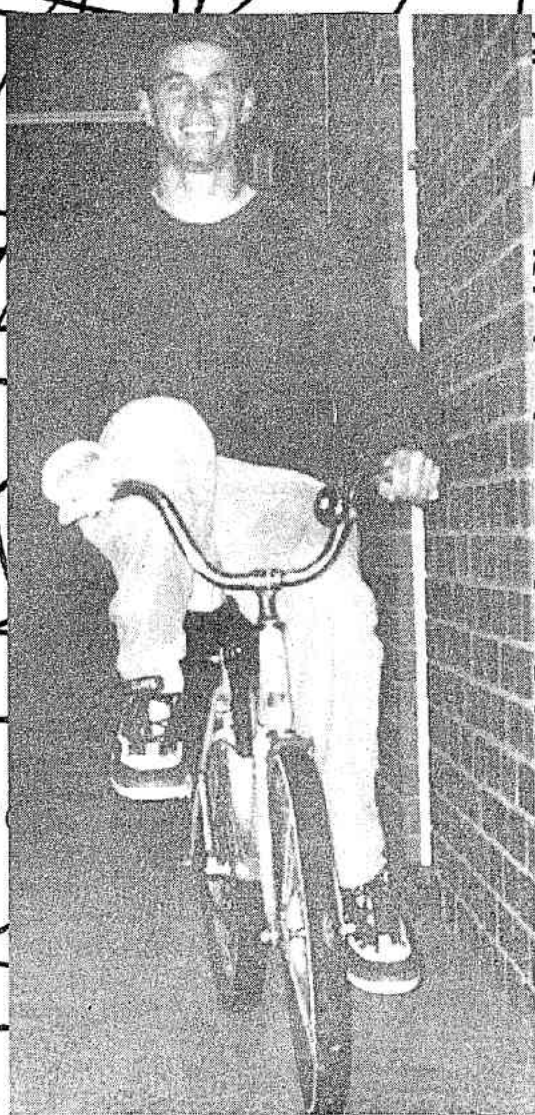


(right) Collapsing down stairs is the great college dream. It rarely happens... but then they're are that chosen few...



(above and below) College antics are usually as piss-weak as this. By the time people have left however they've become blown into Animal House proportions. Wild times at college are generally a total lie.

CHARLOTTE



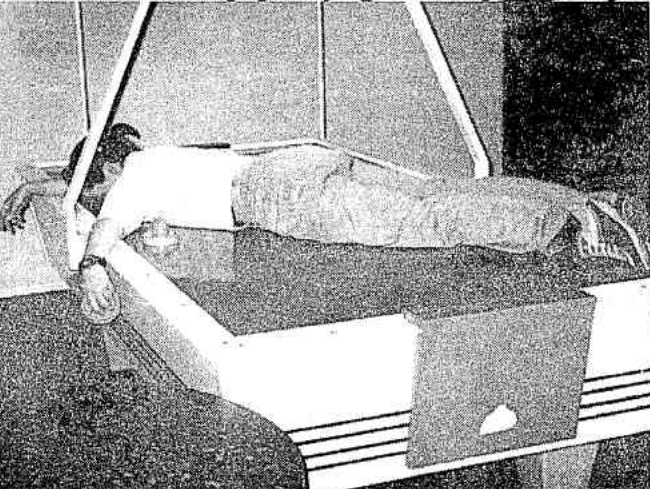
I've got
chicken
pox

(left) Not unlike sexual intercourse diseases also spread through college like so many herpes sores on a labia.

(below) Bonding through vomit. Just beautiful.



(below and right) "Yeah fellas! This kicks arse over mum and dad's farm." Surely one of the most unfortunate aspects of college life are the dumb-arse farm boys who've come to the "big smoke" of, er, Canberra and have gone craaaaaazy. Do those boys know how to have fun. Oh yeah you'd better believe it baby.



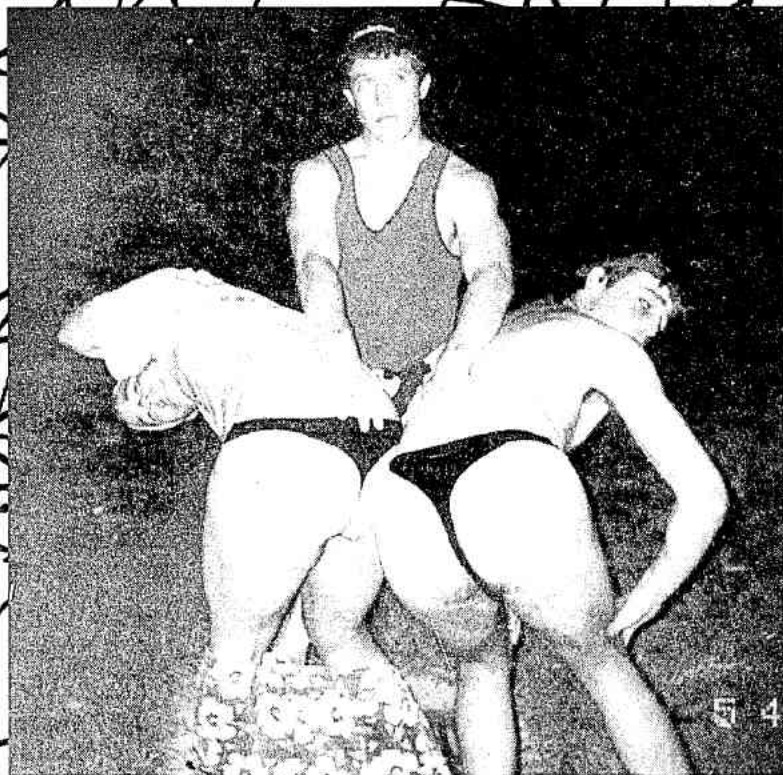
(above) Piss-weak recreation facilities are another staple of the college environment. This air hockey table probably doesn't have a puck and is probably more comfortable than a bed in Fenner anyway.

(below) It is a savage irony that the colleges that are most concerned about what the kids wear to dinner are generally the most likely to be full of complete dickheads.

DO NOT BE OF
SEAT & TIDY APPEARANCE.
FOOTWEAR MUST BE WORN AT
ALL TIMES - THIS MEANS NOT
BARE FEET.

PYJAMAS ARE NOT
TO BE WORN WHEN
ENTERING THE
DINING ROOM.

YOU WILL BE ASKED TO LEAVE
THE DINING ROOM IF YOU ARE
NOT SUITABLY DRESSED.



TE S.

KATE P

stop political censorship



The Art of Shoplifting

defend the rabelais editors

Free speech. What an excellent concept — everyone can say whatever the fuck they like without getting hauled out to the Gulag for ten years rock breaking on the frozen tundra. After all, this isn't Stalin's Soviet Union. Or is it? Way back in 1995 the La Trobe Uni newspaper, *Rabelais*, published the article 'The Art of Shoplifting'. The article was intended to be political comment on the commodification of modern society. Instead the authorities — with a bit of help from John Laws — saw things differently and got the shits big time. They decided the article offended their sense of decency, and got the editors convicted under the Classifications of Film and Publications Act, for publishing, distributing and depositing an objectionable publication, ie one which incites and promotes crime. For their troubles, the editors now face fines of up to \$72,000 each and/or a maximum of six (yes, six) years in jail. They are now appealing to the High Court.

Before saying so bloody what, be aware of the implications of the *Rabelais* case. If the editors eventually get done for the publication of 'The Art of Shoplifting' it would create a devastating precedent. Articles that inform on how to take drugs

safely, how underage teenagers should have safe sex, union material encouraging workers to strike, and flyers encouraging people to protest against logging could be all be censored. Think about this for a minute. Apart from giving the Socialists nothing to do it would seriously threaten your freedom — your freedom of communication and your freedom to be properly informed. For the sake of sticking in the slammer four student journalists, this is a pretty screwed up situation. Free speech is what separates Australia from crappy tin-pot dictatorships — it shouldn't be messed with.

PLEASE NOTE. 'The Art of Shoplifting' is being published so that you can make up your own mind as to whether it constitutes a breach of free speech, and whether this and similar articles should be censored.

Woroni, and the ANU Students' Association do not condone shoplifting in any form whatsoever. The publication of this article should not be viewed as in any way endorsing the practice of shoplifting. In fact, we actively discourage it: Don't do it — under any circumstances.

The Art of Shoplifting

Shoplifting is a topic that is practically relevant to many and it should therefore not become an exclusive craft confined to a small shoplifting elite. On the contrary, shoplifting is an art that deserves the widest possible dissemination. For your convenience we have printed a step by step guide to shoplifting. Good luck.

Within capitalism, most of us are either (1) alienated from our labour and hence dependent on the ruling classes for commodities as basic as food and clothing (2) excluded from the division of labour, in which case we are likewise dependent on the State or (3) performing unpaid and/or unrecognised labour and hence dependent on patriarchal relations for food, clothing, etcetera. In any case, our access to resources is severely limited by contemporary relations of domination. One partial solution to this problem may be to STEAL.

Sadly, however, many people living precariously on low incomes tend to either: (1) avoid shoplifting for anachronistic moral and/or ethical reasons; or (2) remain ignorant of the better methods and techniques of shoplifting, thus failing to maximise their lifting potential.

From the outset the golden rule of theft should be enunciated: NEVER STEAL FROM SOMEBODY WHO COULD CONCEIVABLY BE A COMRADE. Hence kicking into a house on Bell street with a beaten up old Mazda in the yard is irresponsible and counter-revolutionary!

Be careful too about taking stuff from small 'corner store' type shops - you could be ripping off someone in a situation not dissimilar to your own. On the whole it is best to play it safe and go straight for the BIG CORPORATE FUCKERS.

Some people will suggest that shoplifters are a selfish breed, since 'we all pay for it in the end' through inflated prices to cover losses and so forth. However comrades, this and closely analogous arguments are used to justify lowering wages, breaking unions, lowering corporate taxation and taxation on the rich etc. If we are going to accept the idea that we have an interest in maintaining the high profits of the rich and corporate sector we may as well, sell ourselves into bonded slavery now or join the Liberal party.

No, the injunction against stealing from capitalism is itself a capitalist ideology and should be spurned as such. Although we have been taught that 'thou shall not steal', an order historically backed by threats of divine retribution, this should not for one minute stop us from taking the redistribution of wealth into our own hands; Believe me, no one is likely to do it for us.

Woroni does not advocate shoplifting. Shoplifting is morally - and legally - wrong.



Daniel participates in a reconstruction of a shoplifting bust.

What follows is a list of effective methods and observations that may prove useful. Good luck

preparing oneself for the big haul

(1) If possible, you should always have some money on you when intending to shoplift, because if you've got none, it's rather hard to argue that to steal the item was a spontaneous decision. As a result if you've got no money and are caught shoplifting you are more than likely to be charged for burglary as well as theft.

(2) Buying something at the same time that you steal stuff doesn't necessarily ensure success. Approaching staff for items you are absolutely sure they don't have is just as good. Think of something that you know they don't have (ie. a doona cover with a specific pattern or something equally obscure) and pretend that you are looking for this, so that you have an excuse for being there. If staff are ever suspicious of you or ask if they can help you, ask them if they've got the thing you are sure they don't have. Never screw this up-if you do you will have to buy the item or they may realise

that you are there to steal.

(3) It is always a good idea to carry a bag although you should never stash anything in it-if security/sales staff are suss on you the first place that they'll check is your bag and it may just get you off the hook if they can't find anything suspicious inside of it.

(4) Remember that there is no such thing as a standard store detective-there is no qualifying dress code, age, race, gender or class. Grandma will bust you this week and next week it'll be a five year old kid.

(5) Just as there is no typical store detective nor is there a standard shoplifter. Security do not go looking for the poorly dressed people. They may pick on you out of boredom, but remember, only an unsuccessful store detective picks on poorly dressed people. By the same token don't believe the stale myth that suits+dresses = more successes: security anticipate that professional shoplifters will dress up a bit. Wear whatever you want

on entering the maze

(1) As soon as you enter the store suss out the sales people. First impressions often count here. You could find a valuable blind-eye turning ally in younger or less affluent employees. Alternatively,

an employee can often stand out as a more wishy washy gullible individual-so even if you see you they are likely to be too gutless to mention it either to you or to security:

(2) Don't be put off by signs such as 'shoplifters will be prosecuted' or 'security police patrol this store'. Often this is just bluff anyway and in any case there is no security measure that cannot be undone by a clever shoplifter or a quick talker. Do, however, keep your eye on security and be on the lookout for video surveillance cameras

(3) Try to find out where the video surveillance monitors are and who is watching them; often they are not even looking at them. See if you can get a glance at their monitor. Often it is one monitor hooked up to 20 cameras which change sequentially (every 30 seconds or so). Other times it is one guy in a room looking at 50 screens while reading the paper or glued to the box. These monitors are usually pretty small and have a wide aperture, showing more of the room but not enough detail to adequately see what you are up to.

(4) It is a good idea to keep your back to the camera as much as possible without looking suspicious. Checkout cameras (hold-up cameras) are often set up to check on employees, so they are not hard to keep your back turned to

blind spots and other lifting techniques

(1) A blind spot is a section of the store where you are barely visible and can thus feel free to both dump and collect stuff, without fear of being seen. Display units can make perfect blind spots-they ensure security is confident they have their eye on you when in fact they can only see your top half-at the same time they enable you to keep your eye on security. For these reasons, the best blind spots are usually below the chest - around waist high. Blind spots are good for loading into the lip of your jeans or into a jacket.

(2) Make sure that your blind spot is not under surveillance. Never hang around your blind spot for too long. Most of all, be careful never to lead security to your blind spot.

(3) A good method is to take everything you want to your blind spot and collect it all later in one go, or better still get someone else to collect it for you. Getting someone else to collect it for you can be a great system, particularly with exchanges-which I'll come to later. If you are really pedantic, or you think that they are watching you, then load up go to the toilets and pass the stuff under the wall/petition of the cubicle to a waiting friend in adjoining cubicle and get them to leave with it.

The injunction against stealing from capitalism is itself a capitalist ideology... Although we have been taught that 'thou shall not steal', this should not for one minute stop us from taking the redistribution of wealth into our own hands;

one of the oldest tricks in the book is to put more than one garment on a hanger (works particularly well with women's underwear) go to the change rooms and put the garment underneath what you are wearing. Alternatively, if you are a woman you can slip your old bra on a hanger and put on the new one. Don't be put off by the staff as you enter the changerooms — they are usually quite disinterested and so long as the number of hangers you exit with matches the little plastic number they've given you they'll be satisfied.

(5) On the subject of women's underwear, the lingerie department is ideally suited to male shoplifters — not only is it the perfect excuse for looking embarrassed or suspicious (they have come to expect this) but staff are less likely to harass you by trying to help you and will be more sympathetic generally.

exchanging crap for more crap

(5) Make sure you have chosen your item before you approach anyone for an exchange. Also, tell the people in the first department that you want an exchange without mentioning receipts — they should send you down to the appropriate department for your other item and then ring up this department providing a referral, which if you are lucky will mean you do not have to provide a receipt given that everything appears legitimate.

(6) The first time you exchange a stolen item for another product make sure you get something unstealable in return, like a video, watch or something else kept behind a counter, so that the second time you do it, even if you don't get an exchange receipt they will not suspect that it is stolen.

(7) Exchange receipts are a pain in the arse. Sometimes smart arse sales people will write across the original docket 'no original receipt' which is a problem, so if you have a bit of money on you, it is a good idea to exchange for something that costs a little bit more so that they have to give you a cash receipt.

(8) Don't freak out if they call a security while you are acting out an exchange — as returns will often require security's signature this is quite standard procedure and nothing to worry about.

(9) If you're having problems getting an ex-

ceipt in it for previously paid for items and then nick the same stuff which gives you the perfect alibi.

(12) Better still, if you've got some money, find two things that are worth however much you've got, take them out of the store and stash them somewhere, then go back in and buy the exact same items. While leaving the checkout, make a big deal about it "Am I doing the right thing?" "Will she like it? Will it fit him? etcetera and then "what the heck!" (make sure you don't go overboard and push them to mention keeping the receipt or worst of all mention it yourself) Pay for it. About half an hour to a couple of hours later (not too long) take the stuff back to the same sales people and they'll usually give you the cash without a receipt because they remember selling it to you. If you pull it off you've got a cash receipt and your stolen goods which you can exchange at another store.

leaving the store safely

(1) Always double back just as you are about to leave the store so that you can check if anyone

of the mill.

(5) NEVER GET TOO CONFIDENT or you will start to make silly mistakes

the end

Finally, if you get caught — lie your teeth out! Never admit to premeditation. Always say that the opportunity arose, so you took it. Don't act tough or be a smart arse. Cry. Bawl. Admit a guilty conscience. Beg them not to call the cops. Tell them that CSV will take your kids off you and then weep. Even though some stores say they have a policy to call the police it is not necessarily true and they may, after lots of tears and admissions of guilt, just get you to sign a statement which says you'll never enter that store again. If the cops do arrive, it's a good idea to act scared shitless because they may assume you're a first offender and not bother to check your record. Don't antagonise the filth — it is their personal discretion as to how bad you get busted.

You are most likely to be charged with 'theft' if caught shoplifting, but you can be charged with 'burglary' as well if you don't have any money on you. 'Equipped to steal' is what you will be charged with if, for example, you have a slit in the lining of your jacket for concealing stolen goods. 'Obtain-

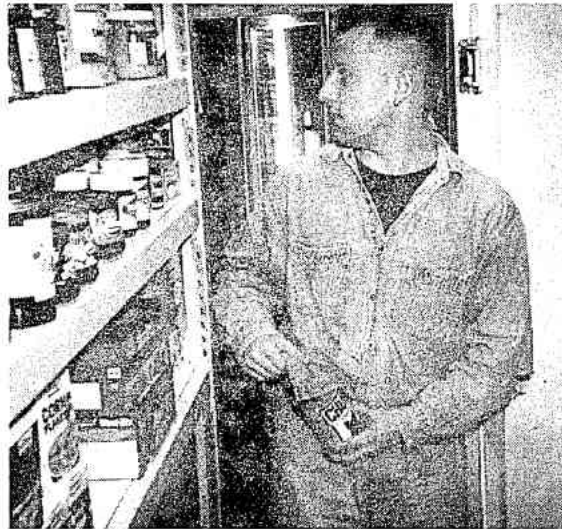


1 Going for it



3 Sneaking away

2 Conceal- ment



4 Busted



(1) Exchanging things — that is, taking the redistribution of wealth into your own hands by refunding yourself yourself for an item you never paid for or swapping something you stole that you don't want for something you do want, or swapping something you don't want for something that is unstealable and therefore refundable — is a whole new ball game.

(2) If you plan to steal something and then make an exchange always take stuff that people are likely to take back like sheets or other obscure household items. If questioned you can say to them "as if I'm going to keep the receipt, I didn't plan to bring it back" Books and other small but expensive items such as computer software are also great exchangeable.

(3) Stealing women's underwear and cosmetics are the perfect alibi for male shoplifters who specialise in exchanges. Male customers always fuck up, buying stuff for their girlfriends/wives/mothers and when it comes to lingerie, it's just too easy for a gut to look goofy, have sales staff sympathise and all too quickly agree to exchange or refund the items. This works particularly well around Xmas time when you can tell them you bought it for your mother but she already had that one.

(4) Never take an exchange item to the store you stole it from and make sure the other store (ie. Myers in Doncaster as opposed to Northland) has the same item before you take it back.

change, big department store normally have consumer rights people located upstairs somewhere — they can usually be contacted by information telephones. These are people with big egos who like to wield power and the sales staff, who are much lower down the hierarchy are usually pretty freaked out by this power. If you do get the ego from upstairs on side, they will organise a sales person to look after you and after the egomaniac goes upstairs again, they sure will — because the sales person does not want to be reprimanded by the same person from upstairs more than once, you will be practically able to get them to do anything you want them to. A good technique is to tell the person upstairs a different story to the one that you tell the sales person. You can get angry at this stage and tell them that they fucked you around, that you don't want an exchange anymore and that you want a refund and they will usually comply.

(10) Be wary of the long term employee — you've got to know when to stop. Be particularly wary of the head of sales or middle management who have been working there for a long time (sometimes 20 years or more) and are not as scared of the big guys from upstairs as are the newer employees. You can often convince some of the younger staff that they are allowed to do refunds if you tell them that you used to work there.

(11) Another commonly used technique is to take an empty bag from the same store with re-

ceiving financial advantage' and 'deception' are what you are likely to be charged with as well as 'theft', if caught exchanging stolen items.

ceiving financial advantage' and 'deception' are what you are likely to be charged with as well as 'theft', if caught exchanging stolen items.

—Carmen Lawrence, with thanks to Josuah and Destroyer 267

Anyone wanting further information on the Rabelais article can contact the National Union of Students: www.nus.asn.au — or 03 9374 7744.

is following you (99.9% of the time they will follow you out of the store before they approach you) Alternatively, go up and down an escalator or in a lift and press every button in the lift and it will be obvious if anyone is following you.

(2) If people are watching you, whatever you do, do not try to discreetly dump stuff unless you are absolutely sure that you can get away with it. If caught dumping stuff they usually won't charge you but they may fuck you around for a few hours.

(3) If you are caught dumping stuff never let a store detective know it was because of them. Always make out it was a result of a sudden guilty conscience. Never let a store detective know that you know they are on to you, because they won't put them on you the next time. That way you get to know store security and are able to keep your eye on them as much as you can.

(4) If you want to have a bit of fun and you don't plan to continue shoplifting that day, or ever or you just don't give a shit, go up to a store detective and treat them like a sales person, asking them for help etcetera. It is just as embarrassing for them to be caught as it is for you. It is always a good thing to break their spirits or at least bring them down every now and again. Alternatively, use reverse psychology on them. Say "I'm going down to such department. I'll see you down there" Often they'll be too embarrassed that they've been busted and think that you won't do it now that you're being watched and you will have the run

PLEASE NOTE. 'The Art of Shoplifting' is being published so that you can make up your own mind as to whether it constitutes a breach of free speech, and whether this and similar articles should be censored.

Woroni, and the ANU Students' Association do not condone shoplifting in any form whatsoever. The publication of this article should not be viewed as in any way endorsing the practice of shoplifting. In fact, we actively discourage it: Don't do it — under any circumstances.

entertainment

music

Respect is Burning,
Paris is Sleeping

Various

Respect is a Parisian night-club. Respect was set up to provide Paris with the clubbin' heart lost in the eighties; to create a new scene out of the bored and boring disillusionment generated by the tired Left and destructive Right of French politics. Up there with the Paradise Garage in New York and Happy Mondays in Manchester Wednesday nights at the "Queen" generated crowds of 2000 party-goers re-energised and providing a new focus.

This compilation is comprised of a selection from the many regular DJs that featured at Re-



spect. Given that the music at the club varied around R'n'B, Drum'n'Bass and Disco themes within a HOUSE framework this provides a variety of styles for the listener. As you can expect, by taking the sounds direct from the dance-floor gives this album a pumped up intensity that can turn your home into a club.

Unfortunately by trying to incorporate the many music styles of the club there is a slight unbalanced feel to the album and this is where the CD falls down to some extent- you can't just stick it on the stereo and get a seamless move from the feel of one track to the other. Each of the mixes are very good, especially the first few which really go off, but it needs someone to do a thoughtful mix of the album. It is not totally jarring in its current form but you just feel it somehow could blend just a little bit better.

Truly able to called a compilation of dance tracks, but not really an album *Respect is Burning*, *Paris is Sleeping* still should be taken into consideration in any dance collection as it gives a great look at a scene most of us will not know and some truly great tracks to mix in with your own favourites from here to give a new refreshing outlook.

Great to get you in the mood for clubbin'; choose/mix the tracks with others, turn up that system really loud and go for flat out! I just feel sorry for any neighbours of mine, not!

—Jonathan Tonge

On the Outside

Symposium

One wonders what would have become of Symposium if Wojciech Godzisz had not wandered into the music room at a West London school in 1995 and offered to join the band. His one condition was simple; he would write the songs. Under Godzisz's guidance the band went from playing Beatles covers at local pubs to supporting the Red Hot Chili Peppers on their European tour. In the process, they became the new darlings of the British music press and earned a reputation for wild and fierce-some live performances.



On the Outside amply demonstrates two propositions. First, that the British music press is given to hyperbole and second, that the intensity of a gig can never be captured in the studio. For Symposium's debut album reflects merely their youth, their competence and their penchant for rock and Brit-pop. Nothing more. It is an unremarkable album although Godzisz shows that he is capable of writing some decent tunes. The album opens strongly with the catchy impossible! which features a strong, rock riff backed by some upbeat drumming and a groovy bass line. Next, is the first single "The Answer to Why I Hate You", which is probably my pick of the album. The beligerence that finds full expression in the chorus "I never listen to what you say/ It's not important anyway/ So why do I hate you?" is delightfully restrained in the verses. Along with "The End", this track is as close to their live ferocity as Symposium get.

"Bury You" is OK but the startling unoriginality and repetition of the lyrics spoils it. How many songs have featured words akin to "Why don't you love me"? Indeed, the woeful lyrics featured throughout *On the Outside*, mar the whole album. On "Stay on the Outside" vocalist Ross Cummins implores to his love "Come, come and walk with me in the garden/ We'll drink ourselves to sleep and dream of golden angels and waterfalls." Lyric wise, the other tracks don't get much better and by about the sixth track, even Symposium's sound is wearing thin. After a promising start, the album becomes innocuous.

As a debut, *On the Outside* is, I suppose, a fair effort. It's simple, straightforward stuff that breaks no new ground but is easy on the ear. Perhaps though, Wojciech Godzisz should let the other band members make song contributions if they have any. His talent can evidently go only so far.

—Michael Clark

Celebrity Skin

Hole

It's likely that most people will decide whether or not they are going to give Hole's new album a chance long before it ever gets anywhere near their ears. It's a sad but true fact of life when music is all mixed up with dubious things like "business", "celebrity" and "image". Which, of course, it always has been, but rarely to this extent. But forget all the hype and history, and give Courtney and co. another chance, because they've released quite a record.

Celebrity Skin isn't much like Hole's old albums, at least musically. Lyrically, the themes are all the



same, with Love still going on about Cindarellas, selling herself, stars, princesses, whores, burning up, and, as she puts it on the title track, "beautiful garbage/ beautiful dresses". But the exact lyrics have never really been the point for me. 'Cos Courtney can, and does, sing her guts out, and as Hole proved beyond all doubt with the brilliant "Live Through This", the band can write a good song (oh come on, Kurt did not write them), and then tear the fuck out of it. Which is a beautiful thing.

Hole have been talking recently about "relearning their craft" and "updating classic rock", blah blah blah, and the songs on this new album are more ambitious and diverse than in the past. Sometimes this works, and sometimes it doesn't, but at least they're trying. Sometimes the "songwriting" which has replaced the "three-chords-will-do" ethos seems silly and contrived, but sometimes it results in great songs. And yes, Billy Corgan did co-write some of the songs, but his influence is quite minor, and a little Billy is a good thing. (A double album of Billy, I would argue, is not.) Ironically, when Hole do sometimes stray towards big rock pomposity (you know, needless timpani, that kinda thing), it's on the songs Billy was not even involved with.

On songs like "Northern Star" and "Use once and destroy", it all seems a bit too inflated, as if Hole are going for an almost Spiritualized scale of song, a sort of Spectroscopic "wall of sound" vibe, for fin de siècle L.A., which I can do without. But when Hole are at their best, the songs are fantastic, with a driving down the highway at night with the radio blaring kind of tinny, yet still gutsy, feel. The title track, "Malibu", "Boys on the radio", and the devastated "Dying" are wonderful. They show the very real talents of Love, and her under-rated cohorts Eric Erlandson and Melissa Auf der Mar. Hole are a band, not just a Courtney freak show, and they are a half-decent band too. Spend your money on this instead of going to see that stupid movie.

—Paul H.

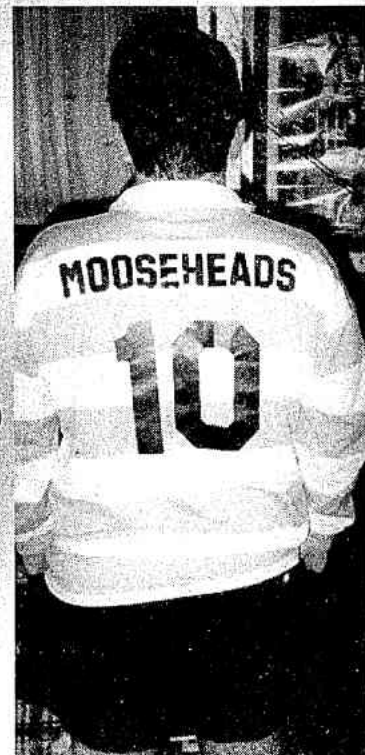
Robbie
Listening to: Metallica — *The Unforgiven*
Favourite: Pearl Jam — *Alive*



Hugh
Listening to: Quincy Jones — *Q's juke joint*
Favourite: Jazz

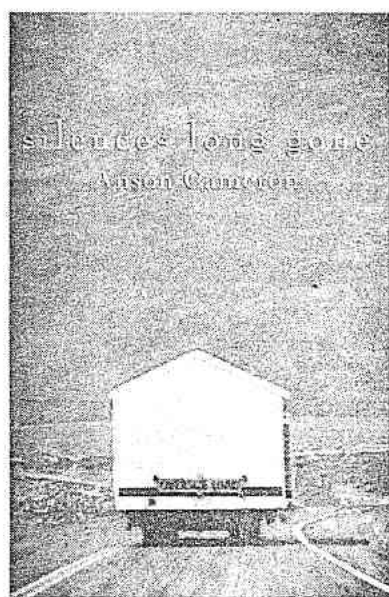
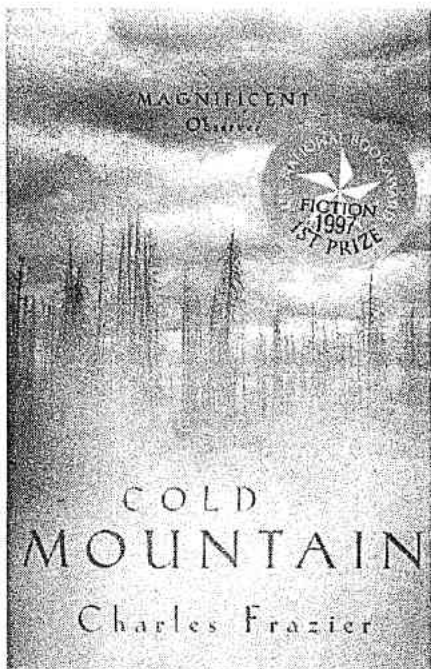


Jacka
Listening to: AC/DC
Favourite: Cold Chisel



What I'm hearing

books



Silences Long Gone

Anson Cameron

Occasionally a really crappy novel will surprise you by giving you a new perspective on something. *Silences Long Gone* is one of those really crappy novels—you've just gotta love it. It's swarming with archetypal Australians—several different types of archetypal Australians. You've got your old bush hag, your bush "Abos", your wogs, your Vietnamese, there's your city suits by the bucketload, and your lazy, good-for-nothing coppers. There's your wanker real estate agent, with his jobbo-mate, the writer-come-crook and wanker girlfriend artist. All the major kinds of archetypal Australians nicely packaged in uncomplicated stereotypes. Sterile, yes, but somehow fascinating. Cameron's characters are, because of their uncomplicated natures, both memorable and dull at the same time.

The sterility of this novel isn't limited to the characterisation. The dialogue and the narrative are entirely and unapologetically unrealistic. The only effort made to humanise the stereotypes is the prolific use of expletives—and that doesn't work either. On the whole, the novel doesn't work. It has a great plot that's let down by shoddy writing. It does make some poignant statements about the Australian condition, which makes for some very interesting reading, although I'm still wondering if this was a conscious effort by Cameron, or if he was victim of an attack of uncontrollable, involuntary genius. At any rate, he took three hundred pages to say what Tism quite eloquently managed to express in three short minutes: *Whatareya?* Two stars for writing something half-readable, and another star for saying something half-intelligent. Struth I'm generous.

—T. Alan Chilver

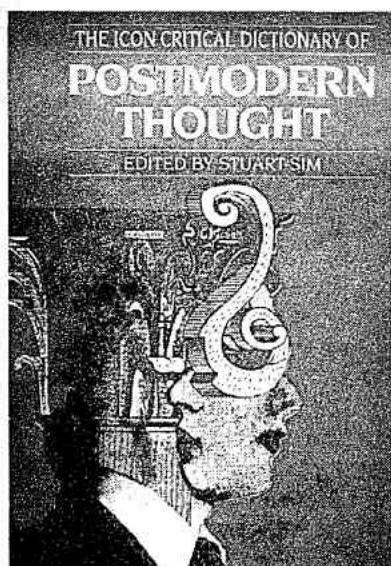
Cold Mountain

Charles Frazier

Charles Frazier's *Cold Mountain* reminded me what reading is all about. It is set during the American Civil War, which perhaps begs the question of how a new author could possibly bring anything new to yet another rendition. But rather than a story about war, it is better to describe *Cold Mountain* as a novel written around a war, as it concentrates on the side-effects and aftermaths of the conflict.

The two main characters reflect the unconventional focus of the novel - Inman is a deserter from the South who is making his way home, and Ada is a young woman who spends the war on her family farm, trying to produce enough food to survive. Both stories are deftly treated by Frazier, and they combine to tell of experiences which are generally ignored by popular history. Most exceptional in this regard are the accounts of Ada, through whom Frazier tells a women's experiences in war. It is so heartening to read a novel which effortlessly places women in history, without making them seem token or peripheral to the "main action".

It is hard to do justice to this book in a few



The Icon Critical Dictionary of Postmodern Thought

Stuart Sim

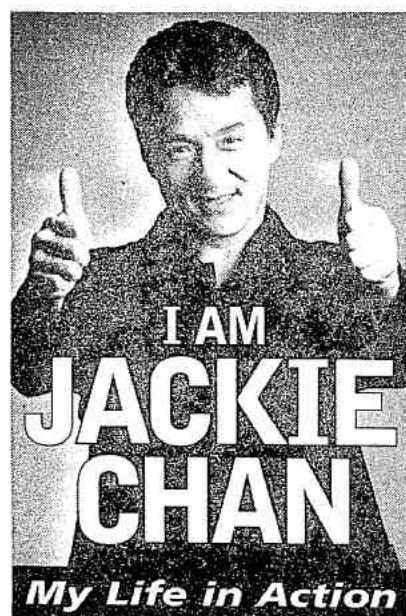
What do you do when you've got one week before your thesis is due in and you suddenly realise that you haven't included anything about postmodernism? Surely you could get a way without mentioning it in an analysis of modern cinema? Not so, according to this book. *The Icon Critical Dictionary of Postmodern Thought* is a comprehensive survey of the intellectual developments that have brought about this wholesale shift in cultural perspective. Divided into two sections, essays, and names and terms, this is the ultimate guide to understanding postmodernism. Written by people who actually seem to know what postmodernism is about, each essay focuses on different areas of discourse. The arts, social sciences, politics, science, popular culture, the media, and feminism are just some of the areas explored. The second part of the book provides an invaluable guide to the leading writers in the field, as well as clear and concise definitions of the ridiculously complex terminology used by the experts. This book is indispensable to anyone who actually wants to know what postmodernism is about and how it relates to modern day subjects.

—Alice Rees

paragraphs. The writing is superb. Anyone passing through a bookstore should read the first page to get an idea of how lyrical and absorbing Frazier is as a writer. He has a wonderful grasp of imagery, and a knack of using descriptive words in unusual contexts which makes his text refreshing and involving. The love story is delicately treated, and the various narratives which filter through the major characters, combine into an amazing novel about suffering, renewal and hope.

When a book can change the way you see the world, when it can make you cry, when it evokes characters so clearly that they seem to accompany you long after you've finished reading, you know you've read something extraordinary. I sincerely hope all those who haven't yet read it do so, as the experience of reading it for the first time is unmatched.

—Lyn Kemmis



I am Jackie Chan: My Life in Action

Jackie Chan

He is idolised by Gen-Xers, has more fans than Arnold Schwarzenegger, Sylvester Stallone and Jean Claude Van Dam combined. Having broken almost every bone in his body, he wows audiences world-wide with his death defying stunts and laugh at his corny sense of humour.

His formula as he states is simple: "The more terrified my friends and family are the more satisfied my fans will be" To him his fans mean everything and recently presented with an MTV lifetime Achievement Award by Quentin Tarantino. In the pantheon of action movie heroes he is known to his fans as Jackie Chan (Chan Kong-Sang). *I am Jackie Chan: My Life in Action*, is the action packed biography by Chan himself and Jeff Yang. The biography tells the story of Chan's life, from his birth in 1954 as the only child of Charles and Lee-lee Chan who were refugees from China, and Chan's childhood in Hong Kong where he learnt the art of acting in Chinese Opera while his parents moved to Australia, where at the age of 19, Chan joined them here in Canberra. Today, Chan is the star of more than 40 features with his last action packed movie *Rumble in the Bronx*, breaking Chan into the mainstream western action genre, and making him a household name, with fans here in Australia awaiting his soon to be released hit in the U.S. *Rush Hour*. The biography provides a funny and insightful view of the life story of one of today's biggest stars and draws on Chan's philosophy of providing his fans with value for money.

—Siddhartha Maharaj

What I'm reading



Sonja
Reading: *The Australian History*
Favourite: Can't remember



Father Fowler
Reading: *Cold Mountain*
Favourite: *Errata* — George Steiner

Susan
Reading: *The Lost Continent* — Terry Pratchett
Favourite: Don't have one





Darling, is that a human foetus at 8 weeks in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?

Elizabeth
Shekhar Kapur



Another costume drama? I hear you sigh, but *Elizabeth* is more than that. Yes the costumes are stunning (especially in the drag scene) but this movie looks more at the characters and they could all be buck naked but the film would still be as fascinating (but probably not commercially released).

This not the Elizabeth "who is Queenie" of *Blackadder* fame, nor is it the cold hearted slaughtering Mary Queen of Scots Elizabeth. This is the Elizabeth that history tries to hide, the emotional, fun-loving princess who has the throne thrust upon her and is forced to rule a nation divided by religion and fast turning to ruin. Cate Blanchett is perfect as the one who will rule, she was able to bring the depth that is needed, and usually lacking in such period movies, to make Elizabeth a real person and not just a cliched cold portrait.

But Blanchett does not make the film on her own, a great supporting cast really makes this film enjoyable to watch. From the chorus of ladies in

waiting, the philandering lover, luscious queens and not to forget Geoffrey Rush as the debonair adviser and assassin (he gets my vote for the next James Bond), the royal court of England is filled with a great range of characters.

The film falls down in some areas by seeming to skim over what must have been important historical events, in a certain respect too much 'history' is sacrificed to leave room for characters. While this is an interesting idea, it is not pulled off in the same way that Mel Gibson accomplished it with *Braveheart*, and there isn't as much blood either. Which leaves a story resting heavily on one person who by herself may not be worth watching. But the film makers have managed to do a reasonable a job, and I'll trust the history in *Elizabeth* more than *Braveheart* any day.

—Rosy D

There's Something about Mary

Farrelly brothers



Ted (Ben Stiller) is a bit of a loser. Not in a bad sense but he does have his fair share of misfortune. The movie begins with him getting bashed up and then almost immediately being unzipped of his manhood. These events all occur on the day of his prom where the lovely Mary (Cameron Diaz) is his date. As Ted is rushed to hospital, he never sees Mary again.

Thirteen years have passed and Ted decides to track down Mary. In order to do this, he acquires the services of Healy (Matt Dillon) a sleazy private detective. Healy tracks down the still vivacious Mary but informs Ted that due to a bunion, Mary has been confined to a wheel chair and has been sent to Japan as a mail order bride. Healy like many other men has fallen for Mary.

The above theme is delivered to the audience with a bombardment of laughter and groans. Thus full credit must be given to the directors of the movie, the Farrelly brothers. Their brilliance ensures that *There's something about Mary* does not degenerate into a predictable repetition of half-arse joke but rather a film with seemingly endless classic moments. For instance, who would have thought that choking chickens would lead to the manufacture of hair gel? Also



Ahh, a dog in the lap — enough to make any man smile

have you ever wondered how a dog reacts to speed? Watch out for Warren's ears, Woogy, Puffer, Magda's breasts and Tucker.

There's something about Mary is a top notch comedy that contains shockingly hilarious depictions of life at its worst. It is a must see movie. As Mary would put it 'I'm fucking with you!' Indeed many would watch the film to discover what this actually means. To others who could not stand the film, Woogy's advice would be 'to flog a dolphin'.

—Ali Khan

The Last Days of Disco

Whit Stillman



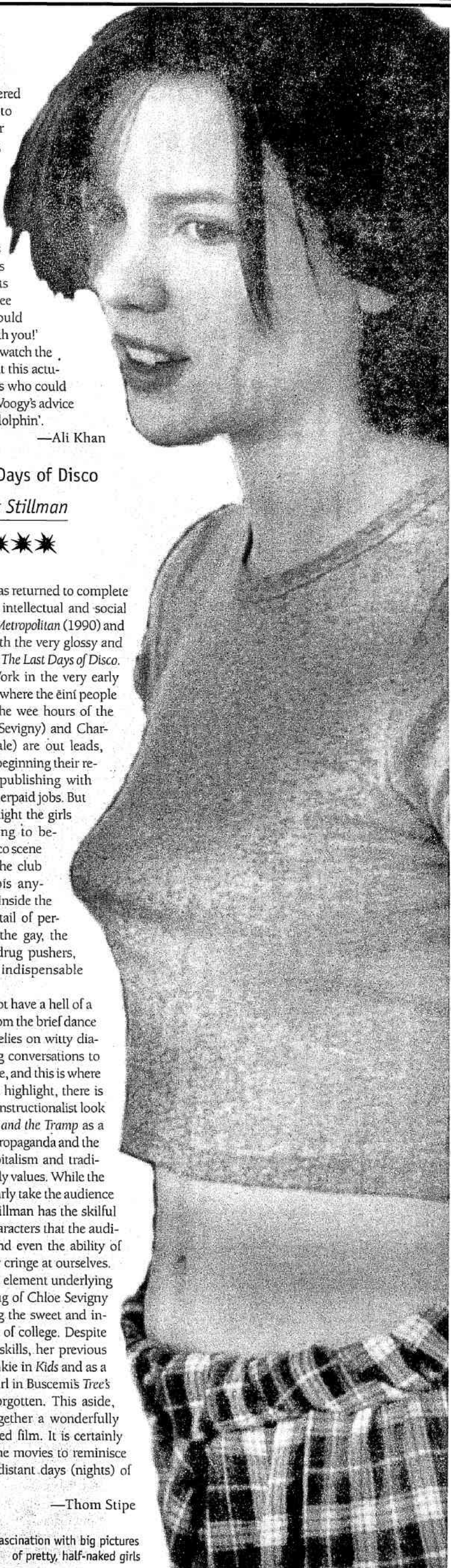
Whit Stillman has returned to complete his trilogy of intellectual and social comedies including *Metropolitan* (1990) and *Barcelona* (1994), with the very glossy and the very entertaining *The Last Days of Disco*. The scene in New York in the very early eighties at the club where the éni people converge to spend the wee hours of the night. Alice (Chloe Sevigny) and Charlotte (Kate Beckinsale) are out leads, fresh out of college, beginning their respective careers in publishing with overworked and underpaid jobs. But when day turns to night the girls are desperately trying to become apart of the disco scene and gain access to the club where anyone who is anybody appears to be. Inside the club there is a cocktail of personalities, the hip, the gay, the cross dressers, the drug pushers, and of course the indispensable yuppies.

This film does not have a hell of a lot of action (apart from the brief dance scenes), but rather relies on witty dialogue and interesting conversations to captivate the audience, and this is where Stillman excels. As a highlight, there is the outstanding deconstructionist look at Disney's *The Lady and the Tramp* as a vehicle for Western propaganda and the perpetuation for capitalism and traditional American family values. While the film doesn't particularly take the audience anywhere special, Stillman has the skillful ability of creating characters that the audience can relate to and even the ability of making us genuinely cringe at ourselves.

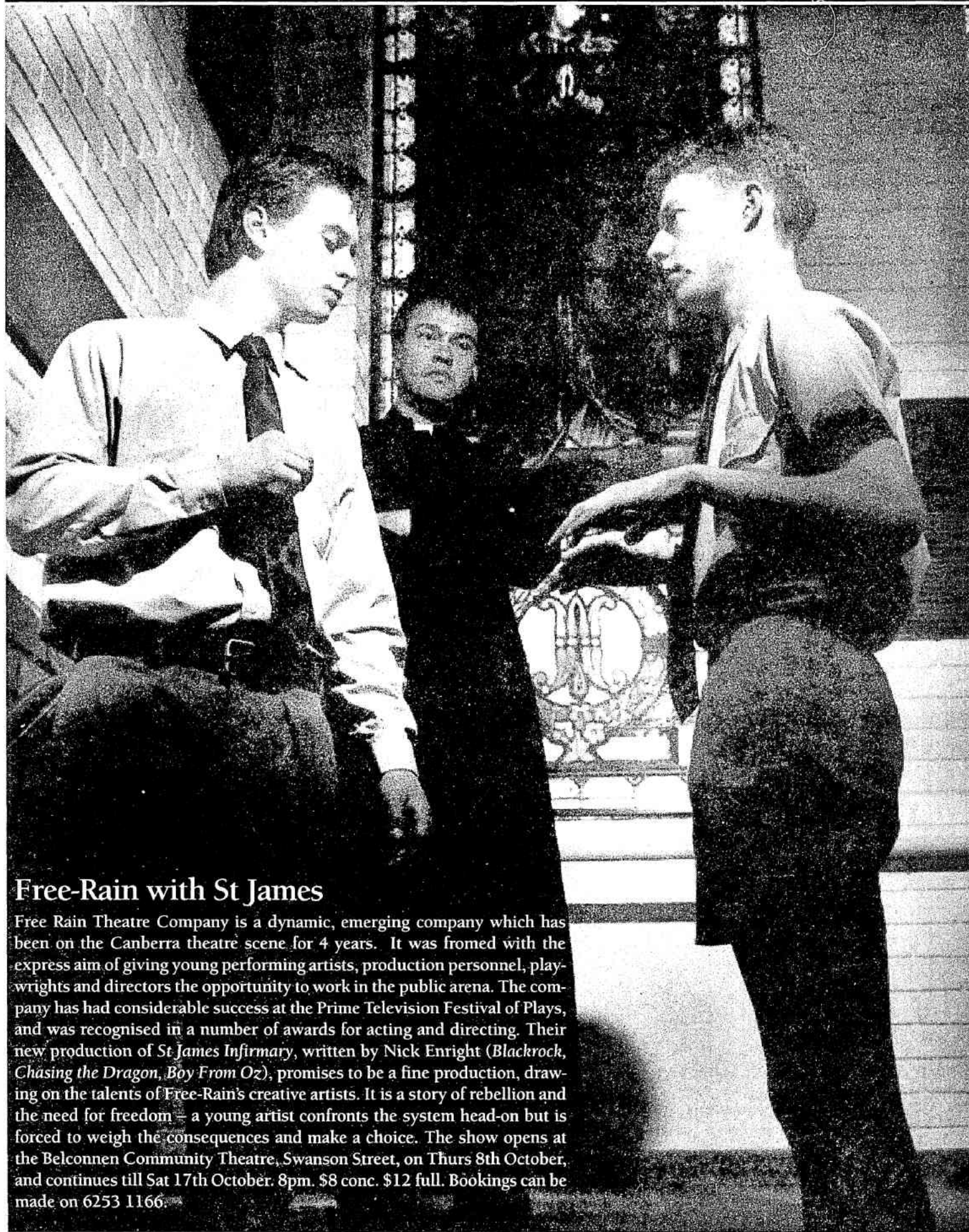
One unfortunate element underlying this film is the casting of Chloe Sevigny as a lead role playing the sweet and innocent girl fresh out of college. Despite her excellent acting skills, her previous roles as a teenage junkie in *Kids* and as a not so naive schoolgirl in Buscemi's *Tree's Lounge* cannot be forgotten. This aside, Stillman has put together a wonderfully scripted and organised film. It is certainly worthy of night at the movies to reminisce about those not so distant days (nights) of the past.

—Thom Stipe

Rosy D continues her fascination with big pictures of pretty, half-naked girls



what's on



Free-Rain with St James

Free Rain Theatre Company is a dynamic, emerging company which has been on the Canberra theatre scene for 4 years. It was formed with the express aim of giving young performing artists, production personnel, playwrights and directors the opportunity to work in the public arena. The company has had considerable success at the Prime Television Festival of Plays, and was recognised in a number of awards for acting and directing. Their new production of *St James Infirmary*, written by Nick Enright (*Blackrock*, *Chasing the Dragon*, *Boy From Oz*), promises to be a fine production, drawing on the talents of Free-Rain's creative artists. It is a story of rebellion and the need for freedom – a young artist confronts the system head-on but is forced to weigh the consequences and make a choice. The show opens at the Belconnen Community Theatre, Swanson Street, on Thurs 8th October, and continues till Sat 17th October. 8pm. \$8 conc. \$12 full. Bookings can be made on 6253 1166.

Drill Hall Gallery

This month, the gallery is featuring the work of two artists of diverse innovative merit. *North of Capricorn* is a retrospective exhibition covering the career of Ray Crooke, spanning 70 years. The show is touring around Australia from the Perc Tucker Regional Gallery in Townsville, and the collection of works offers distinctive impressions of people and places north of Capricornia. Also in October, the work of Guan Wei, who is currently the visiting Arts Fellow at the Canberra School of Art. His work is of a distinctive style, combining in some parts, the traditional forms of Chinese painting, with modern figures, in a strange, dreamlike landscape. Both exhibitions continue till 25th October.

Quiver

Innovative choreographer Leigh Warren brings to the stage two stunning and strikingly contrasting collaborations under the title *Quiver*. *Shimmer* reflects the gentleness of the 18th century American religious community known as the Shakers. *Shimmer's* choreography mixes lyrical passages of music, moments of wild abandon and

images of Eden before the fall, in a search for the purest expression of human love. *Swerve* takes the completely opposite tack. Pablo Picasso belt out the beat of a steel capped world in a frenzy of industrial taiko drumming. Leigh Warren & Dancers throw it back. *Swerve* is a dance piece in four parts – idle, cruise, rev and head on. Dance, music, musicians – interacting in harmony, humour and collision. Performances are 10-14 November. And if you book for the 10th, special youth rates apply. Bookings ph. 62571077.

Re-Take

The new exhibition at the National Gallery of Australia, is a collection of Contemporary Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Photography. Aboriginal people have been photographed since the invention of the camera. These early images were viewed as records of 'a curious people', photographs of a supposedly dying race, who were also 'captured' or 'shot' by the camera for 'scientific' purposes. It was not until the 1980s however that Aboriginal photographers assumed a prominent position in both the Australian and international art scene. Taking the camera into their own hands,

these artists re-take, re-present, re-claim, and largely re-configure representations of Aboriginality. The exhibition is one of the first photography exhibitions in Australia that surveys the work of contemporary indigenous photographers from this period; displaying early photographs from within the documentary tradition alongside recent works that adopt the codes of popular culture and the mass media in their exploration of issues including the black body, sexuality and gender. The exhibition comprises over fifty works from the permanent collection and represents the work of Brook Andres, Mervyn Bishop, Brenda L. Croft, Destiny Deacon, Kevin Gilbert, Alana Harris, Ellen José, Leah King-Smith, Ricky Maynard, Peter McKenzie, Rea and Michael Riley. The Exhibition features at the Gallery from 3 October 1998 - 21 February 1999.

Viruses and Mutations

At a time when scientists and biotechnologists are cloning sheep, mapping the human genome and genetically engineering agricultural products, artists are working with medical imaging technologies, biomedical equipment, tissue cultures and

3D environments. Experimenta Media Arts will respond to these developments with a three component project entitled *Viruses and Mutations* – included in the 1998 Melbourne Festival Visual Arts Program. The Exhibition and Cultural Symposium are to be held in Melbourne later in October and though that might be a bit far to go, you can visit the website, and access the art from your computer. The first online work to be featured is *Pool* by Christopher Waller who has produced this interactive artwork, specifically for the *Viruses and Mutations* project. It is inspired by the artist's observations of life in tidal rockpools and the various survival strategies evolved by its colonists. The online site is an interpretation of nature's minutiae, singularities and iterations against the universality of events. The rockpool serves as a metaphor for both evolutionary space – the gene pool – and the psychographic space populated by creatures which symbolise the fear and fascination with the vicissitudes of life. Dive into *Pool* at Experimenta's website, www.experimenta.org.au (from 17 October).

Ravens in the Archives

Ravens in Wonderland is a new theatre production devised and directed by Heaven Muecke, with the able assistance of some merry, talented actors. Described as *Sleeping Beauty* meets *Dracula*, the show is an innovative combination of theatrical techniques. Music film, dance and performance are combined in a mythical underground – a meeting place for childhood heroes and heroines, a giant playground for the age-old characters we've grown up along side. The season opens at the National Film and Sound Archive: 8pm. Thurs 15 October; Fri 16 8pm and 10pm; Sat 17 5.30pm. No bookings are necessary, and guests are treated to a light supper to compliment the performance.

Amnesty International

This year is the 50th year of the Universal Declaration of Human rights, and Amnesty International is calling for volunteers to lend a hand on Candle Day, Friday 23rd October. The organisation has lead a continuing campaign against violations by governments and other political organisations of people's most fundamental human rights, and you can register your help or simply buy a badge on the day. Amnesty International does not accept any money from governments and so their campaigns are funded entirely by the contributions of people in the community. If you would like to register your help, phone 1800 808 157. Or for further information call the Canberra Candle Day co-ordinator, Ewa Wojkowska 6249 8415 BH.

CMAG

The Canberra Museum and Gallery is an exciting venture exploring and integrating the social history and visual arts of the Canberra region. During November you can participate in the Studio Program, with Kirrily Hammond, exploring the unlimited possibilities of paper making. Simple take-home techniques for hand-made paper sheets, watermarks and paper casting. Add a personal touch to gifts and cards for friends and family with unique, not to mention, environmentally friendly paper art. Bookings are essential. Phone the Gallery on 6207 3968.

David and Chuck

If you don't know who David Strassman is, you would certainly know his side kick Chuck Wood. The two of them make up a unique team of a man and his doll, with a large serving of hilarity and ventriloquism. The new show is the searing story of Chuck's Faustian pact with the devil to sell his soul in return for becoming a real boy. It's written in collaboration with Ritch Shudner, who also works on *Seinfeld* and *Roseanne*, and is sure to delight audiences all over Australia. Strassman and Wood (oh and don't forget Teddy Bear) will be at the Playhouse here in Canberra on the 8th and 9th of October.



getting out there

Bring on the

Pretty Boys! Male Beauty in Japan

Something strange is going on in Japan. I realized this the other day, when in a sudden spurt of patriotism I decorated my apartment with healthy looking homegrown pin-ups from the 'Manpower' calendar.

(Obligingly sent to me by my mother "so that you don't forget what real men look like") While my appreciative gaze lingered over the array of tanned, gleaming bodies arranged in several suggestive poses, my Japanese roommate recoiled, wrinkling her nose in disgust. "kimochi warui - that's disgusting!" she said, and retreated into her room to avoid the sight. Since Japanese women usually find European men so attractive, I was puzzled by this reaction and asked her what she could possibly find disgusting about 'Manpower'. Was it the smooth and shiny expanse of waxed chests, or perhaps the oh-so-cheeky G-string bedecked buttocks that so offended her sensibilities? No, those things were fine, it was just that they had so many muscles. If she was ever to find these men remotely attractive those horrible chunky bulges would just have to go.

Now that I think about it, in contrast to the beefy bod so sought after in Australia, Japanese men just don't seem to want muscles either. The sex symbol of the moment in this country is a singer in the pop group SMAP. (A kind of Japanese version of New Kids on The Block is the best way that I can describe it.) Kimura Takuya, better known to his thousands of adoring adolescent fans as Kimutaku, could not pass a day without seeing his own face on TV, magazine covers and billboards nation-wide. Kimutaku is admittedly cute, but rather than wanting to jump into his pants, my first instinct would be to feed him, because the only bulges on his chest are the ones made by his

What I find strange about the changing appearance of young Japanese men is that they seem to be endeavoring to look more like women, or at least like curiously asexual beings with no clear characteristics to identify them by. And they do this to become more attractive to women.

ribs sticking out. Is this meant to drive a girl crazy with lust? Apparently it must have some effect because Kimutaku, although at the pinnacle, is hardly in emaciated isolation. I begin to realize this when a salariman I meet in a bar confesses that he is on a diet, because "Japanese girls like skinny men." Then I read in the newspaper that young men routinely skip meals and consume less than the recommended caloric intake per day. It seems that society in general, and the awesome power of the beauty industry, so fond of pressuring Japanese women in to unrealistic underweight slenderness, has found a new market in young Japanese men.

The pressure does not stop at punishing one's body either. The well stocked shelves of 'men's

beauty products' in the local department store are beginning to rival the women's, and a plethora of young men's magazines vie to give tips on dressing right, plucking one's eyebrows and getting rid of blemishes. It's common and fashionable for men to dye, perm and bleach their hair, and also to use clips and hairbands once only seen on schoolgirls. Izam, the sexually ambiguous lead singer of the pop group Shazna, takes this trend to the extreme, using women's makeup to enhance his looks and complement his multicoloured hairstyle. The very latest image enhancing method involves painfully waxing and plucking not just body, but facial hair as well, since a five-o'clock shadow of stubble just ruins the smooth appearance of the skin. Reflecting these trends, both Kimutaku and Izam have starred in advertising campaigns for cosmetics and commercial chains of 'esthetic beauty houses'.


Men changing their looks to fit a socially accepted ideal are of course nothing new. One only has to look at the oversized pectorals of the Manpower lads to realize the expectations that our own society places on men. How many of them do you see sweating over dumbbells and Nautilus machines trying to obtain this pumped-up ideal? Yet traditionally the male image considered attractive has been what we would consider a very masculine one. All the characteristics that separated men from women were enhanced: larger body size and muscular strength, strong facial features and abundant body hair. (Think of Sean Connery in his 007 days!) What I find strange about the changing appearance of young Japanese men is that they seem to be endeavoring to look more like women, or at least like curiously asexual beings with no clear characteristics to identify them by. And they do this to become more attractive to women. It's as if Japanese women, after being told for years that a slender body and a pretty face were all that made them worthwhile, have turned around and demanded the same from their men. The men have escaped, at least, from the beefed up Western ideal, but the one expected of them now certainly seems no less demanding.


Starr-Light and FUNKY ACID AFRO LOUNGE are proud to present:

TURBULANCE

Travel safely through a night of THUMPING, SHAKING and ROCKING Beats with:

1  **Chris Duckenfield** 
(swag, junior boys own, warp)
Jetting over from the UK to pilot a clear course thru a turbulence free atmosphere of tech-house.

Simon Caldwell  **2**
(love, all funky up)
In the Co-Pilots chair, a man who has clocked up mileage travelling the premium routes of the worldwide music scene.

3  special guests on the flight deck:
Mr Brown Levi Jay
keeping the jet lag at bay with a medicine box full of searing tunes.

HEAVEN

Boarding Time

Thurs 8th October

Tickets \$7.00
economy fare available

Friday 23 October

special guests

MRS WOOD
from the UK

Archie + Le Tour

The UK's No. 1 Female DJ as Voted by DJ magazine

\$10.00 Admission

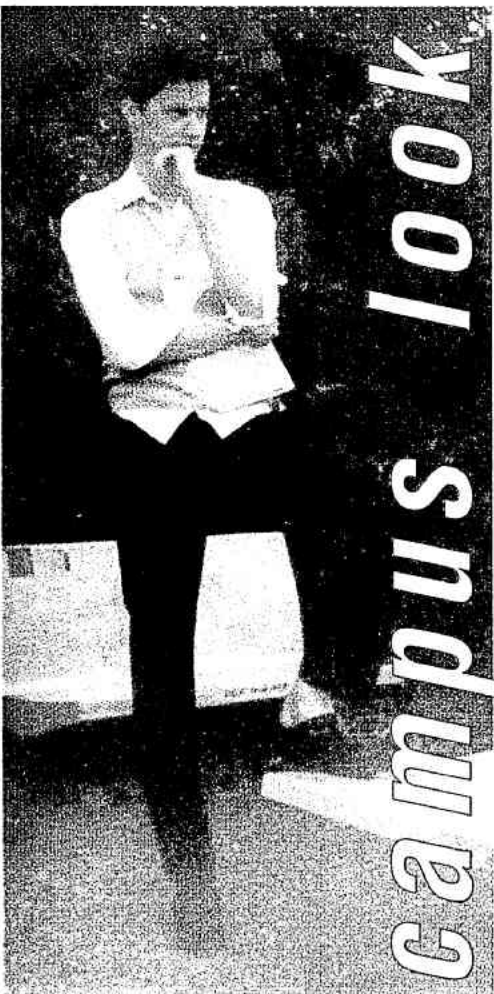
HEAVEN

Mother knows best

Springy chinese greens in oyster sauce

Ingredients:
250g gai lam (chinese broccoli)
150g choy sum
2 tsp sesame oil
1 tsp grated ginger
3 tbsp oyster sauce
3 tbsp chicken stock
1 tbsp soy sauce
2 tsp sugar

Method:
Cut gai lam and choy sum into short lengths. Place in boiling water for 30 seconds; remove and drain. To make sauce, heat oil in a wok over high heat. Add ginger and cook for 1 minute. Add remaining ingredients and cook for 2 minutes. Toss greens in sauce and cook for 1 minute or till heated through. Serve immediately — have lot of it with rice as lunch or a light dinner; or serve as a sweet side dish to a hot main.



This issue's dashing Campus Look is the suave debonair Kylie Moriarty. Kylie is modelling his summer look today, in clogs (which will be the big hit of '98 dahling), a pink Valentino shirt (\$3.00 from St Vinnies), blue pants which just cling to those snake hips, also from St Vinnies, and a vest bought by Kylie's girlfriend's mum. The ensemble is finished with the ultimate accessory — the latest issue of *Woroni*. We're pretty impressed — we dare to venture that this could be the sexiest Campus Look to date. If you think you're looking good enough to appear in *Woroni*, pop into the office and you could be the next ANU fashion model. Till then, see you in clogs.

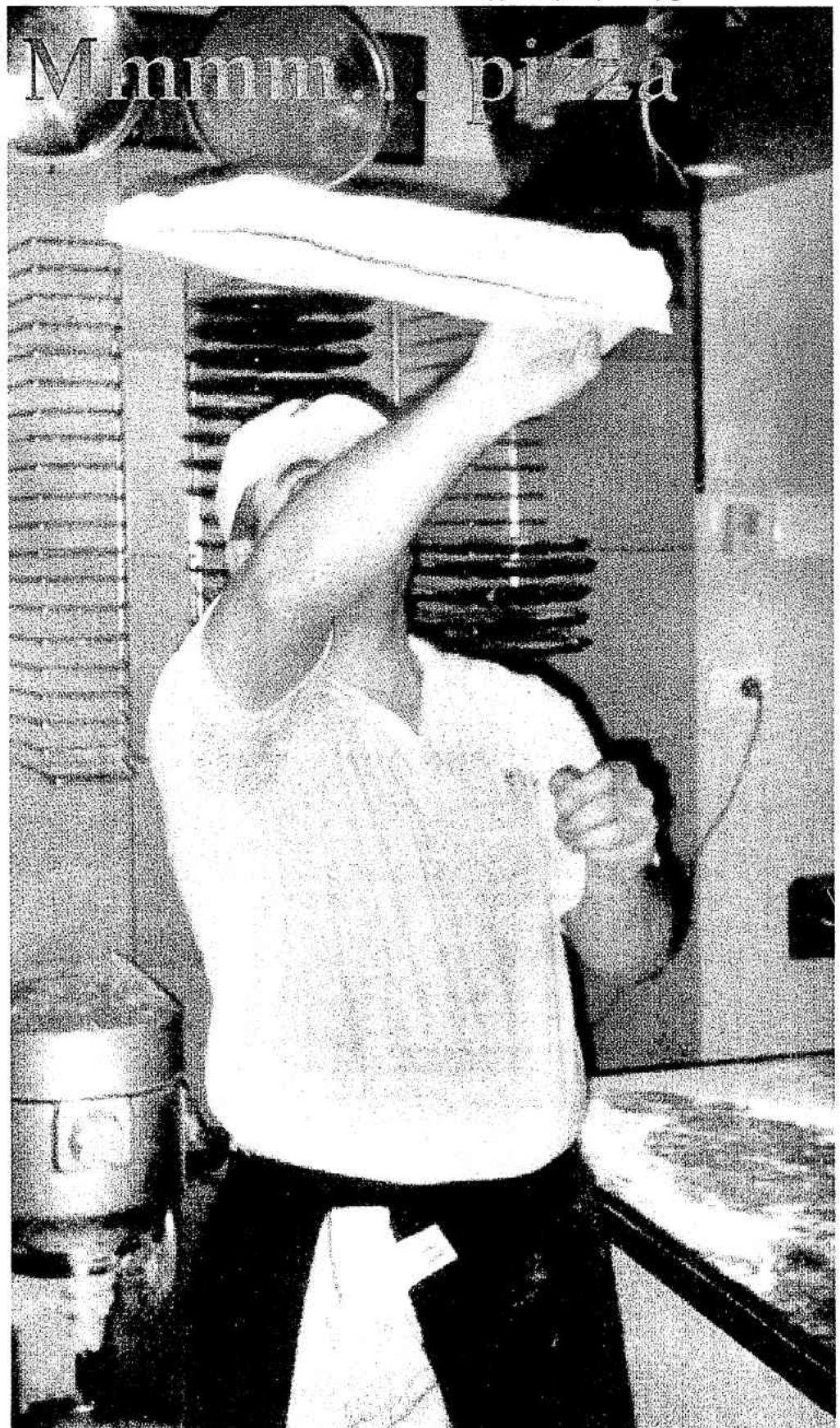
review Zeffirelli pizza and pasta

Zeffirelli has been open for about three months now, and is a Canberra-family owned business, run by — this is true, honest — a 21 year old accounting student from the ANU. Snuggled in the heart of Dickson (in between Video Ezy and Ocean Master), this place is cheap, friendly, and serves some of the best pasta we've had in ages.

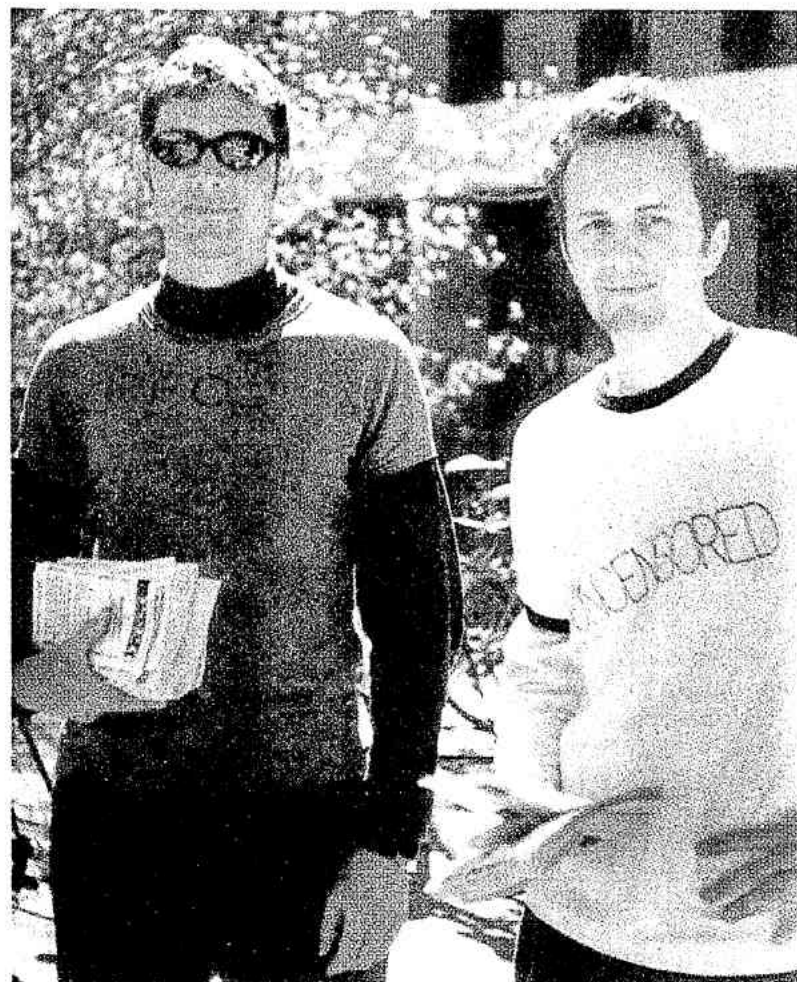
We went on a Monday night, and were amazed at just how busy it was — the pizza chef didn't stop, the waiters and waitresses were running around trying to keep up, and people — students, families, singles — just didn't stop eating. There is fairly broad menu available — choose from pizza, pasta, seafood or steak — and we decided to sample as many bits and pieces as we could. We started out with an entree sized marinara pasta (\$4.80), served with a choice of spaghetti, fettucine, tortellini, rice, home made gnocci, penne, and ricotta ravioli (we went for the fettucine). This was a truly spectacular way to start off the meal — this is one of the loveliest marinaras I've had. The seafood was tender, the flavours subtle, and a hint of chilli stimulated the appetite. We continued with a tempting sounding dish called calamari in umido (\$11.00), marketed as "calamari steamed in spicy red sauce with olives and capers", and this was also decent, though a little overpowering if you're not a big fan of anchovies. The final part of the meal was the pizza, a

solid vegetarian (prices range from \$4.20 for small to about \$7.50 for large) which was delightful and very good value for money. We felt a little ashamed that we hadn't chosen something a little more challenging — the gourmet pizzas sounded delicious — but the plain vege was a nice way to round off the meal. We were also told that the pizza chef (Dom, cousin of the owner), trained in Germany for six months learning to be a pizza chef. It shows.

Zeffirelli is the kind of Pizza Place that Canberra has been crying out for for a long long time, and deserves to do very well as a result. The staff seem committed to delivering good meals, good service, good atmosphere. While Zeffirelli is probably not the place to go for a night of fine dining with your parents (despite the chandelier, it does get quite noisy, and is very informal), this is a great place to go for a cheap meal, and with pizzas this cheap you can afford to have a couple of beers as well — especially when they're only \$2.50. Another tip — if you go for the takeaway, have a coffee while you wait. They're only \$1.60, and apparently they're very good indeed.



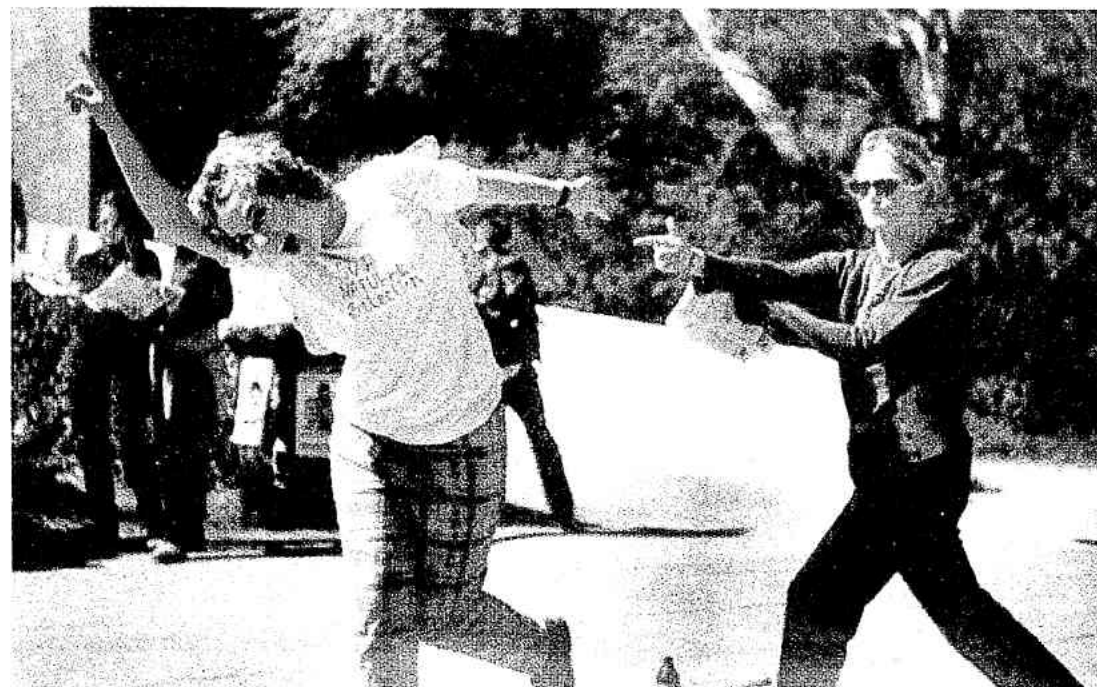
paparazzi
snaparazzi
photos by Michael Cook



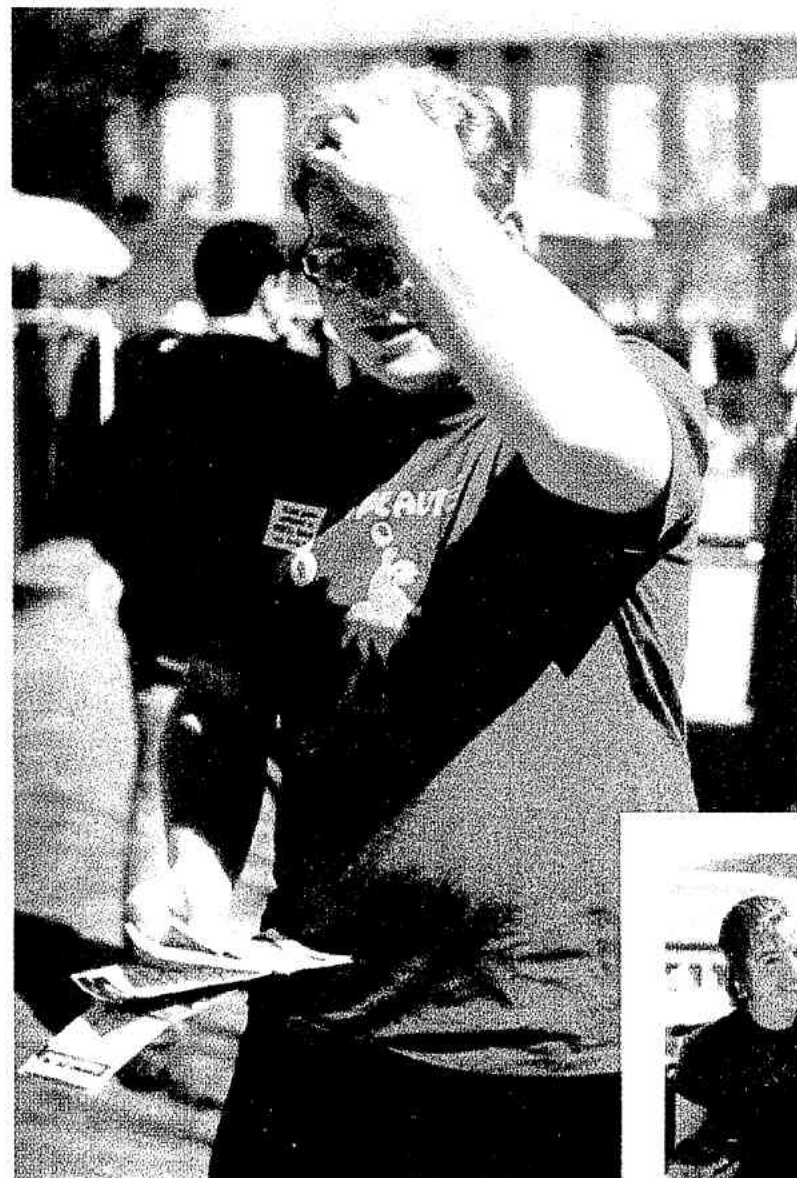
(above) Did we mention that we grow weary of all these fucking politicians?



(above) Fucking happy, sunglass wearing student voters - fools! Damn fools!!!



(above) Fucking dancing politicians



(left) Fucking self-righteous boring politicians

(right) Fucking king nerd vegan, smoking dickhead politicians.



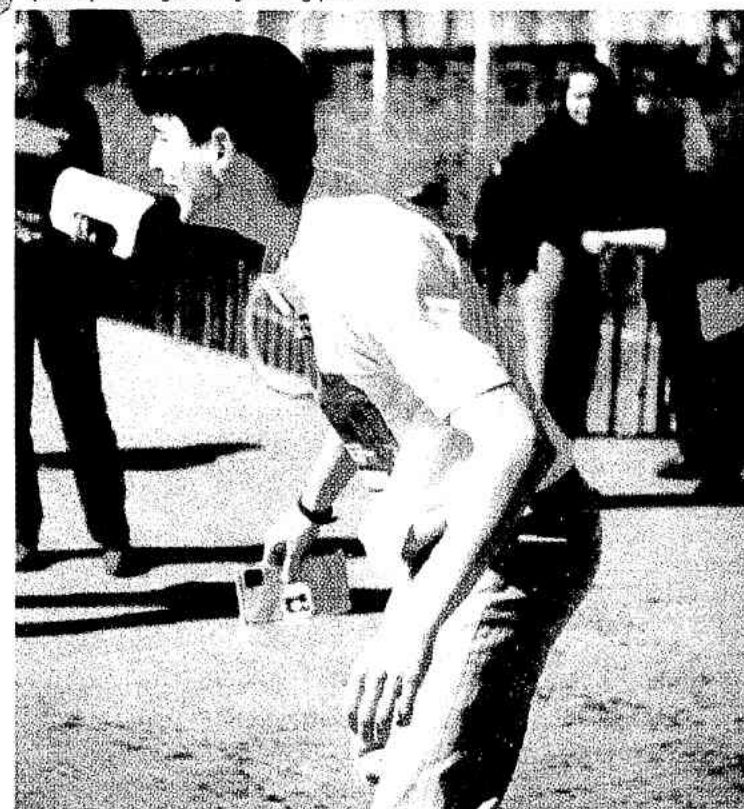
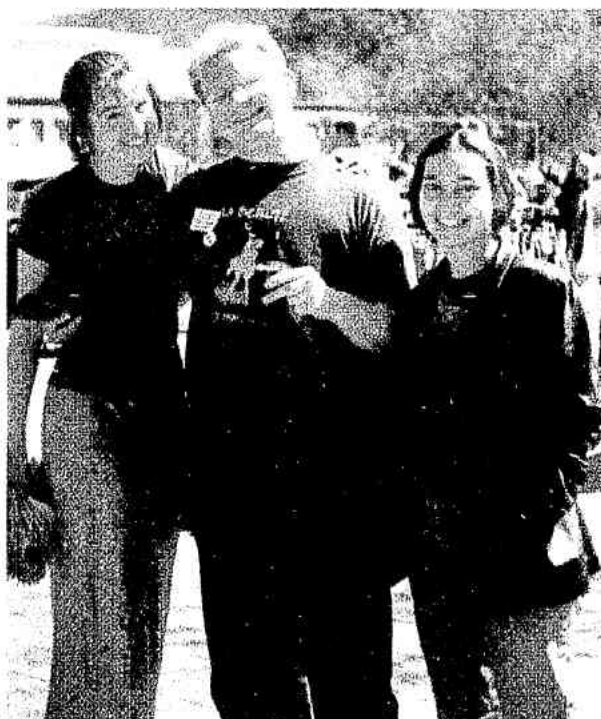
FUCKING
POLITICIANS

(below) Fucking dweeby farting politicians

(below) Fucking happy politicians

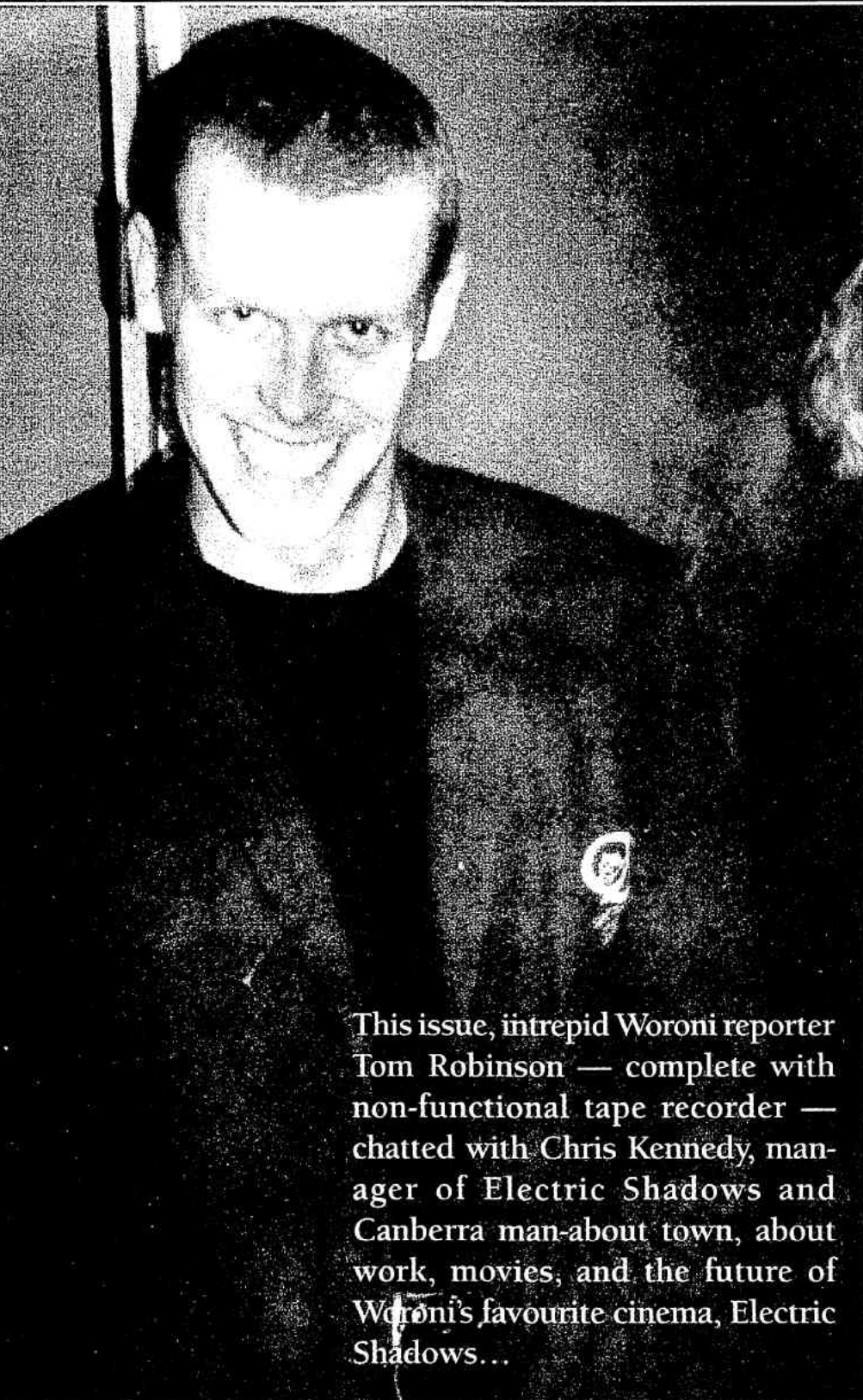


(below) Fucking B-grade student politicians



footnotes

Chris Kennedy



This issue, intrepid Woroni reporter Tom Robinson — complete with non-functional tape recorder — chatted with Chris Kennedy, manager of Electric Shadows and Canberra man-about town, about work, movies, and the future of Woroni's favourite cinema, Electric Shadows...

What is your job title?

I don't really have a job title. Mainly because we're such a small operation... we all do everything, basically... maybe it would be 'General Manager of Ronin Cinemas'.

So, what does your job consist of?

Oh my job answering the phones and making the coffee. [He's joking]. No, what I do is booking films for the cinema, doing the publicity work for the films that are playing in the cinemas, but also, I suppose I'm what you'd call the 'corporate PR person', although we hate that job. I also do the graphic arts, I do the poster and the ads for the Canberra Times, and I also do the graphics for Ronin, and stuff like that.

So, what is the role of the distributor?

Distributors... Cinemas bid for films, basically, and if you're a cinema, you're playing a film for the distributor, and you're paying them for that film, they get a percentage of the box office, on a sliding scale... on the first week, it's about half-half, because normally the distributor is paying for the ads, in the Canberra Times and so forth, but that percentage goes down by five percent per week, so normally by the fifth week you're only paying twenty-five percent of the takings to the distributor.

Would [Ronin] be different, though, since you own the cinemas that are show-

ing your films?

Not really, no; [mostly] we get films from different distributors; the only film Ronin's had this year was *The Road To Nhill*, but before that was *Strictly Ballroom* and *Shine*. Some of the other distributors are UIP Films: from them we're playing *The Last Days of Disco* and *In The Winter Dark*, and *Education of A Little Tree*. Also [for example], there's Roadshow Films, who never give us anything, because they're with Greater Union. And then there's smaller independent distribution companies, like Palace films: from them we're playing *Head On* and *Kurt and Courtney*.

How long have you been working with Ronin?

I started with Ronin in high school, in work experience, and stayed. I came back from school holidays, and when I finished high school I was going to stay for a year before I went to Uni, but I never went; I stayed on.

Were you a Canberra boy?

I finished high school here, in Queanbeyan... lovely [grimacing]. But I'm originally from Queensland.

So, do you like Canberra?

I love Canberra.

Really?

So much more than Queensland. No I really love Canberra, there's so much here that you don't get anywhere else. Mainly, just the fact that it's so... nice, I mean, that's the bad thing about

it, like, nothing ever happens, but that's also the good thing, too. I hate the pace, and the plasticness of Sydney.

You said you did work experience here; was getting into film distribution something you always wanted to do?

No; I actually wanted to get work experience at a law firm! That was back in year 10, when, you know, LA Law was on all the time and it seemed like a really good career option. But that fell through at the last minute, and a friend who'd organised work experience at Ronin asked if they could take two of us on, and they said yes and so I just took it from there.

Electric Shadows and Centre Cinema is one of the few independent cinemas in Canberra. Do you get to pretty much show what you want?

Well, first and foremost we are a business and the films have to make money. I mean, ideally, we'd be government subsidised... but we're not, so there's some films that, no matter how good we think it is, we just can't show. For example, the new Hal Hartley film, *Henry Fool*. Do you like Hal Hartley?

Um, his earlier stuff. I thought with *Amateur and Flirt* he kind of went downhill.

Yeah, sure. Well, he's been trying different stuff, and I think this new one's really good - the opening scene is just amazingly funny - but unfortunately, the audiences for his last couple of films

Five Minutes

- What is the best film you've got showing at the moment?

The Last Days of Disco

- What is the best film you've seen this year?

Elizabeth, which is coming out soon... not with us, unfortunately, but with Greater Union.

- All time favourite?

Um, that's tricky. Probably *The Big Blue*, or *Xanadu*.

- What sort of music do you like?

Poofy vacuous middle-of-the road stuff, like Natalie Imbruglia and Kylie. Also Blink 182.

- Who is going to win the election?

I think, actually, the Liberals... but I'm not saying I'm happy about it. The

thing with the Liberals is, they've just got the much better TV ads. (Gloomily) TV's the key to everything.

- What is your favourite food?

Ippoh Hoi-Fiu, at Sammy's Kitchen

- If there was going to be a film made of your life, who'd play the lead?

A former soapy star who hasn't had a hit in years, and so would be happy to act out all sorts of things...

- Right. Have you ever read a book that changed your life?

The Shipping News, by Annie Proulx. It actually really made me respect my relationship with my father.

- Did Courtney kill Kurt?

I hope so. I think she's great. I hope she killed him and I hope she got away with it.

were so low, and we lost so much money on them - the ads in the paper cost more than the film made - that I don't think we'll be able to show it, which is a shame. But you do get to show things you wouldn't otherwise see; for example, my boss Andrew Pike, recently decided to put on the 70 mm screening of *Ben Hur*, just because he's never seen it like that in a cinema before.

Sometimes, too you have a surprise hit; like, recently, one of the [Late Night Cult Classics] was *The 5000 Fingers of Dr. T*, which I wanted to put on; it is this amazing, surreal fantasy that was written and designed by Dr. Seuss, it was his only feature film, and it was just an incredibly great, bizarre film. And Andrew [Pike] predicted we wouldn't get more than six people to it, but as it turned out we got about 300. Which was great.

Would you ever draw the line, either way; that is, decide that a film is too extreme or too bland to be shown. I mean, like the real Hollywood crap, like *Typhoon* or whatever it was...

Twister? I would gladly show Twister if we could get hold of it, simply because it would make us so much money. But as far as too extreme goes... well, we recently made an ethical decision not to show a new film coming out, called *Funny Games*, because it's so sickeningly, disgustingly violent; just a horrible, awful film.

Really? But I remember you guys showed *Salo* [Pier Paolo Pasolini's notorious cinematic interpretation of de Sade's 120 Days of Sodom] four or five years ago... which I couldn't sit through...

Yeah, I couldn't sit through it either: but that was different, while that was very violent as well, there were a whole lot of other factors, like it had been banned for seventeen years, and the whole Pasolini drama [Pasolini was killed shortly after making the film]. And apart from that it was an interesting film, it was saying some interesting things. Actually, it's now been withdrawn again, so we'll never get to show it again. But this film *Funny Games* is just [disgustedly] appalling.

Helen Musa recently described Electric Shadows as a "hub of activities for Canberra's intelligentsia"; she also told of how an (unnamed) Canberra politician recently called Electric Shadows a place for 'beatniks'. Do you think that the cinema suffers from a perception that it is too highbrow?

(Sighs) I know it suffers. And I really don't know what to do about it, short of spending countless dollars on advertising on TV, which we can't do. We don't have the budget of the big cin-

emas, all our advertising is done through the paper or with the posters.

Are the Sunday Doubles and Late Night Classics lucrative?

Um, increasingly less so, unfortunately. They were quite popular, but they've been dropping off. In fact, we're looking at canceling them, at the end of this season, if they don't pick up.

I understand that the Red Cinema is going, being replaced by two new ones. Is this part of an image overhaul?

Well, it's purely so we can make more money, showing more films.

What colours are the new ones going to be?

Well, the new cinemas are actually going to be the red cinema divided in two, so it is going to be a huge screen and great new sound equipment, but we're not actually changing the walls and the carpet, so I guess we'll have to make it different types of red. Rouge and magenta, maybe. Any ideas?

Um...

Or crimson and vermilion - no, hang on, vermilion is something different, isn't it...

There's an eight-cinema complex being proposed as part of the Canberra Centre redevelopment. How will this affect Electric Shadows if it goes ahead?

It's going to be a big problem. Actually, there's some new developments on that. Manuka Greater Union is extending, putting new screens in - God knows where, up the top I guess - and there's going to be a multiscreen complex in Woden, too - which will mean that Cosmopolitan Twin, which is also a family owned cinema, will have to close down, which is really sad. And there's going to be an IMAX opening up across the road from Centre Cinema... so, basically, there's going to be another thirteen cinemas opening up in Canberra in the next couple of years. Hopefully this will actually work in our advantage, because, because it might mean that they won't be allowed to build it. However, if the Canberra Centre cinema goes in, it will really restrict us. We'll have to have fewer films, running for longer... the cinema will continue, but the Electric Shadows era will finish. It will basically mean the end of cultural diversity in Canberra cinema.

You've received a great deal of public support on this issue. How can people help?

Yes, it has been fantastic; we received over 3300 signatures on the petition, plus there were people who wrote individual letters. If people want to help, they can do the same thing; write to the local senator or to the Department of Land and Planning and protest.

The scene: a bookstore.

To the left: the detective, the assistant, and the three smarmy gothic wankers.

To the right: the fourth smarmy but infinitely more dangerous gothic wanker advancing towards the detective and the assistant wearing a hockey mask and brandishing what looked like a chainsaw with nails attached to the teeth and displaying the logo, in bright red letters on the side of it, declaring itself to be a 'Johnson and Johnson Megavile Ultra-Spurt Blood and Organ Redistributor'.

The general ambience: relaxed and warm with just a hint of sexual tension mixed with trouser-shitting terror.

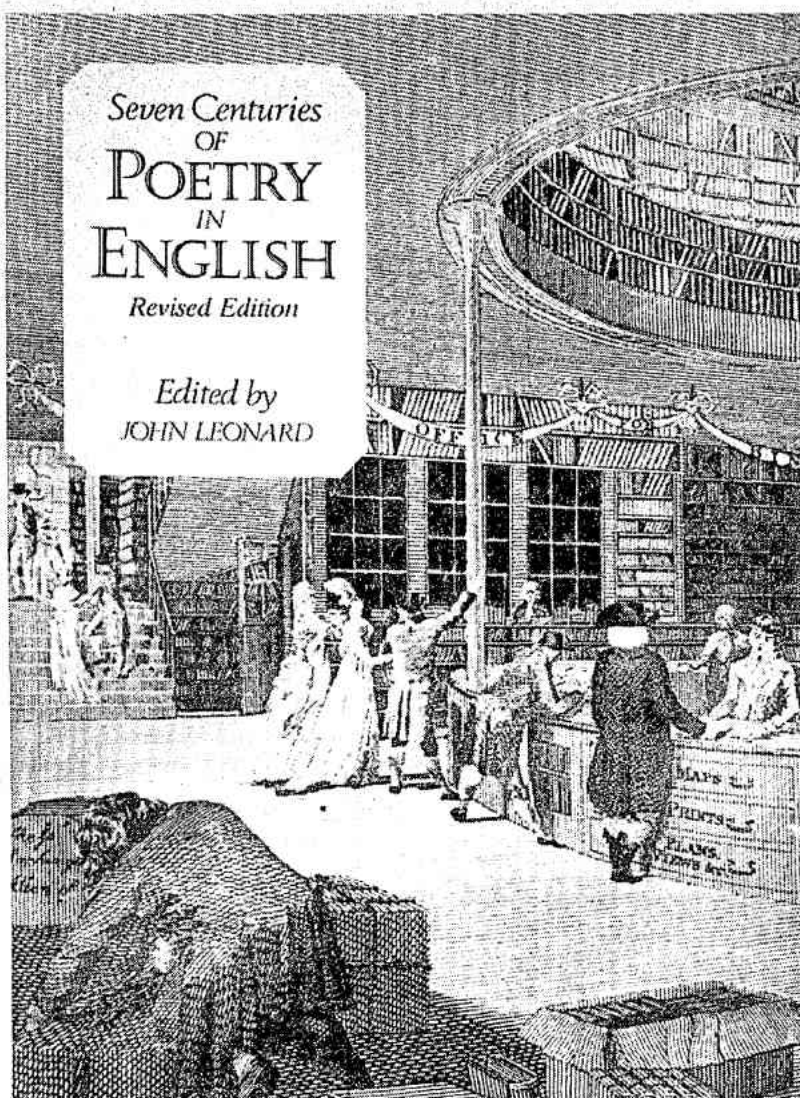
The ghostly scythe of Death was about to make an unwanted and messy introduction. I had to do something. Someday, I thought bitterly, this is going to make a witty and amusing anecdote. At a party maybe. With girls and amusingly-titled drinks with fruit and little coloured umbrellas in them. And leprechauns wandering around with frogs on their arms—yes, frogs in little tuxedos who sang Louis Armstrong songs! And a pony! Named Arthur! Oh, to be able to go and live in Fantasy-Land, I thought wistfully, and briefly wondered whether there was a wardrobe in here that I could disappear into. Then I noticed that the chainsaw was almost upon us, threatening to slice us

all into Turkish Delight.

I looked at Dave, and yelled, "Run". We ran for the door, but it was locked. Brother Maniac came running after us, cackling like... well, like a maniac, really, and waving his hideous contraption through the like some sort of giant spiked metal egg-beater. I knew there was only one way to stop him. As Dave tried to kick the door down, I yelled, "Brother Maniac! You put that chainsaw down *right now*, young man!"

He stopped. "Fuck off, Leprosy. You're not my mother. You don't have enough stubble, for a start. Or the delicate Scandinavian complexion."

But I'd got his attention, and that was enough. "Brother Maniac", I said, "You could kill us both with that chainsaw. You could chop us into bits; but would it give you any real satisfaction? I think not. You could carve out our livers and decorate this gloomy place with our arms and legs - might even quite improve it, in fact - but you'd still be hollow inside. Because I know what lies behind every maniac with a hockey mask, Maniac. I know you're innermost secret... but I respect it. I'll give you a chance, Maniac. I challenge you to a... Spontaneous Poetry Recital! If I lose, Dave and I will gladly hold still while you cut off our heads and boot them around the room. We'll do it ourselves, if you want."



"DONE!", screamed Maniac, dropping the weapon and holding out his hand to shake mine.

"You know the rules", said Maniac. "No extra long last lines. No making up funny names, just so you can rhyme 'Afghanistan' with 'I've got a cat named Bafganistan'. 'Cos that's crap, okay?"

"Okay", I said, a little alarmed at this newfound enthusiasm. I'd only said it as a joke.

"I'll start", said Maniac primly, and stood up from the circle in which we, the goths, and Dave were sitting, cross-legged.

"Extended Limericks", announced Maniac, and with a nasty expression began:

"You came uninvited to our little niche

We'll give you a slicing that we hope will teach

Just imagine the hurting

When your blood is spurting

Like foul-smelling juice from an over-ripe peach."

Dave and I looked at each other, and shifted uncomfortably. This was going to be a long, and potentially deadly, experience in verse...

-Easter Sunday

last gasp

What with the University year convulsing and choking its way to a close, there may be those of you about to bid farewell to this fine educational institution and head off into the great wide world of real life. This may be a time of great anxiety and stress for some who never gave a thought to what they were going to do after the degree actually finished; those who, upon sober self-reflection, have realised that, rather than first, they have actually come about two hundred thousand millionth in the race to know the nature of things, and are starting to seriously question whether or not the nature of things is worth the amount of effort that is obviously required if one is to know it. It is for these lost, doubting folks that I have compiled the following step-by-step guide to becoming employable.

There will be those among us, of course, who have already secured their dream job in the law firm/accounts department/publishing company of their choice, by accumulating innumerable work experience hours and networked contacts during the past four or five years, and who know exactly where they are going and why they are going there. These individuals, like attractive people, should at all costs be ignored, since they exist only to make the rest of us feel pathetic and dysfunctional. Bitterness and spite are the only possible outcomes when one engages in a conversation with them. Should you be approached by one, I can only recommend responding with maniacal laugh-

Johnno gives his job interview a miss ...
Johnno gets \$265.50 per fortnight on YOUTH ALLOWANCE. He had a job interview arranged but decided not to go. Johnno was penalised for failing to attend the interview without a reasonable excuse. Because it is his first penalty, his payment will be cut by 18 per cent for 26 weeks. He now gets \$217.71.



(inset) Johnno, the star of the Youth Allowance leaflet, looks like the type that wouldn't get a job

ter to every well-meant question regarding your future; then politely excuse yourself, explaining that you have to "retire to the bathroom and shoot up".

But back to job-hunting.

Step One: *The Resume*

Always good for a laugh, the re-

It is important to convince prospective employers that you will be an asset to their business. Be friendly, polite and confident. Do not dial the number and then pretend that they called you, as this sense of humour will cast aspersions on your oral communication skills. Do not invite the person you are speaking to around for a cone.

sume requires you to boast extravagantly about yourself to complete strangers while giving the impression that you are a normal well-adjusted individual to whom boasting, and all other forms of self-aggrandizement, are as anathematic as the prospect of defrauding the company of millions and pissing off to your newly purchased Spanish villa.

Part of coming across as a healthy, employable individual is listing your achievements and hobbies. Debating, exercising and being on committees are

healthy pursuits, as they demonstrate leadership qualities and the ability to work well in a team. Inciting an anarchist riot and participating in torrid nude Twister group-sex orgies display similar characteristics, but may be frowned upon as the sort of activities that people who are not punctual and neat indulge in, and thus should be omitted from your list of interests.

Step Two: *Phoning Prospective Employers*

It is important to convince prospective employers that you will be an asset to their business. Be friendly, polite and confident. Do not dial the number and then pretend that they called you, as this sense of humour will cast aspersions on your oral communication skills. Do not invite the person you are speaking to around for a cone.

Step Three: *The Interview*

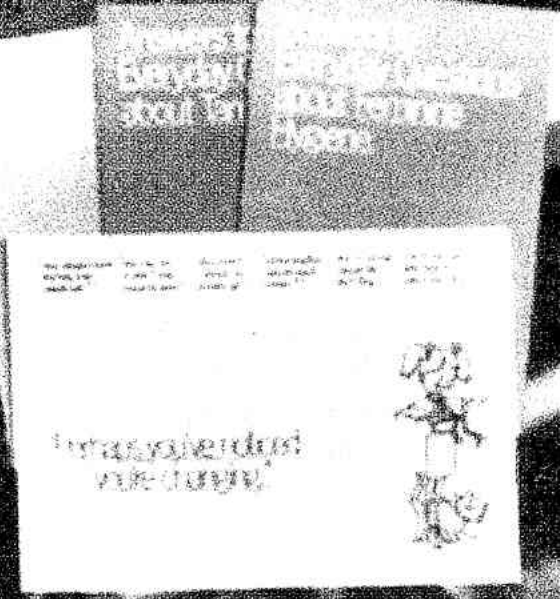
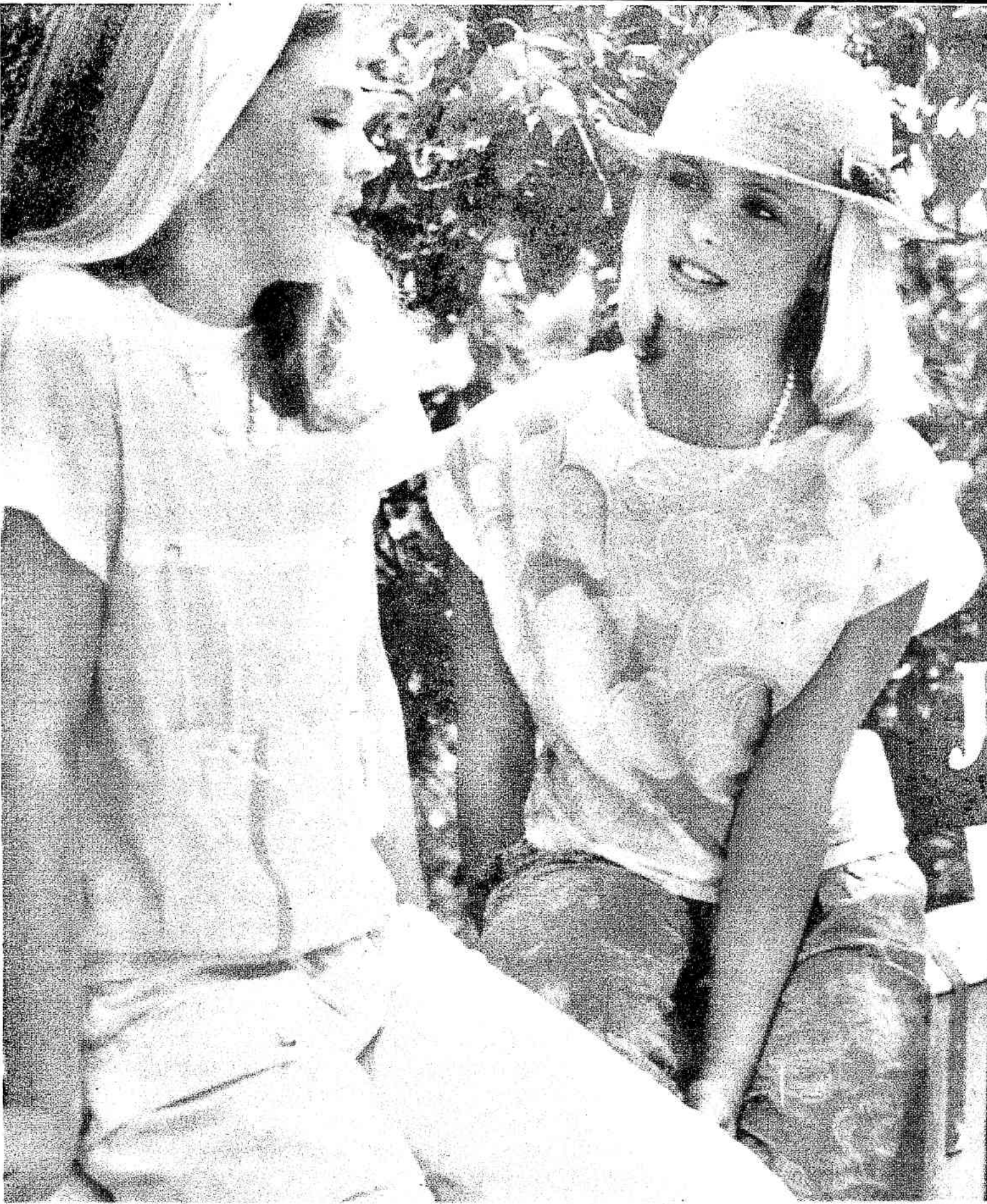
Be calm and prepared. Do not order them to stop asking you questions. If they ask you on personal issues, answer politely: they are engaging in conversation to make you feel more at home. Do not, however be too eager to agree, or offer unwanted information. For example, if they say, "That's an unusual last name, Mr. Sunday", do not nod like you are trying to dislocate your head and then reply "Yes, and so is Hitler and Sphincter... but they have biblical connotations too, you know!!". They may think you are a gibbering idiot and ask you to leave.

See you on the dole queue.

Easter Sunday

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WOR

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